

The Listener

Published every Thursday by the British Broadcasting Corporation



Portuguese peasants arriving in Lisbon to sell their produce (see page 373)

In this number:

International Problems of Oil (P. H. Frankel)

Farewell to Europe? (Geoffrey Barraclough)

The Hazard of Modern Poetry (Erich Heller)



March

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The Listener

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Nationalism in Present-day Germany

By TERENCE PRITTIE

NOT long ago a German told me resentfully that the idea of 'nationalism'—and the 'bad' idea implicit in that word—had really been evolved so that other people should have a convenient stick with which to beat the Germans. The French, he said, glorified their concept of *la patrie*; the British sang with gusto 'Rule, Britannia'; and a famous American has said 'my country, right or wrong'. The Germans, he maintained, do not suffer from xenophobia, nor had they ever coined so shocking a phrase as the British one—'The natives begin at Calais'. Why, then, should the Germans always suffer under the slur of a dangerous, aggressive, selfish nationalism?

Many of his countrymen today are anxious to amplify his case. Germans, they say, want to be 'good Europeans'. Western Germany has joined the Schuman plan, will ratify the Bonn and Paris agreements, and will take her place side by side with other European nations in a community which is sworn to defend the ideals of freedom and peace. The past, of course, should be forgotten. There can be no object—as the German sees it—in raking up memories of wars launched by Prussia or the united Germany, of the development of the German theory of 'racial superiority', of Hitler's plans for a 'new order' in Europe, or of the Kaiser's more orthodox concept of a Germany which would merely be the strongest power in the world. As the *Frankfurter Allgemeine* recently put it, 'It was not really as bad as all that'. The excesses of Nazi oratory can be recalled with a deprecating smile: even that great speech of Hitler's, when the Fuehrer stood before a silently waiting crowd and with his face contorted with emotion uttered the single word '*Deutschland*'. Then, indeed, the skies shook with the frenzied applause. But the people were just 'beside themselves'. Anyway, modern Germany is a divided country, and it is hard to be a nationalist when you no longer have a nation.

The non-Germanic world will accept these explanations with a grain of salt. In fact, the present international situation furnishes plenty of

reasons for a rebirth of German nationalism. The very division of Germany may awaken those mailed Prussian ghosts of the Bismarckian era. The loss of Germany's eastern provinces and eastern trade may produce the idea of a crusade of a new generation of Teutonic Knights. The slow progress of democratic thought may allow scope to ideas of power politics which are dormant rather than dead. The mental, rather than the moral, failures of the German Social Democrats may induce that same 'drift to the right' which overset the Weimar Republic. Germany is still in an embryonic stage of development towards civilised nationhood. Nothing is settled; nothing is 'safe'.

Recent events have sharply outlined the more superficial dangers of German nationalism. First came the British action in arresting the leaders of the 'Naumann circle'. Then came the German Government's move against the 'parlour Bolsheviks' of the Socialist Action and National Front groups. Finally, the Federal Government rounded up leaders of the right-wing 'Free Corps Germany'—an organisation which was the militaristic and politically moronic counterpart of the Naumann circle. All these events occurred at the most unpropitious moment for Germany and for Europe. The Germans have still to ratify the Bonn and Paris agreements. So have the French, and their hesitations are conditioned by distrust of their German partner. The British and German actions happened to coincide with the Oradour and Schirmeck war crimes trials, with the murder of a French soldier in a country public house at Ockfen, and with earnest proposals by German politicians that Dutch S.S. war criminals who had escaped into the Federal Republic should be granted political asylum.

The full facts of the story of the Naumann circle have not yet been published. This is what is known so far. Naumann, designated in Hitler's will to be successor to Josef Goebbels, had collected a band of former Nazis into what he termed 'a sworn and dedicated society'. This society was stretching out its tentacles into the right-wing political parties, big industry, the municipalities, and even government offices.

It believed in absolute secrecy and a long-term plan to overthrow democratic government in Germany. It was no coincidence that its leaders had studiously avoided taking any part in public life since the war. It wanted a one-party state—with the right kind of party, of course, for Hitler had 'made mistakes'. It meant to achieve this by infiltrating the Free Democratic, 'German' and refugee parties which, between them, may poll about thirty to thirty-five per cent. of the votes in the coming Federal election. This infiltration would involve getting Naumann nominees into parliament and would generate a *Massenbewegung* in the next eighteen months. Twenty per cent. of the population would constitute such a mass movement, and the achievement of this would be the signal for political revolution.

The Naumann Circle

The complete German nationalist believes in questing along every compass-bearing. The Naumann circle had close connections with the ostensibly defunct 'Brotherhood'—the semi-secret organisation founded three years ago on the legends of military honour and discipline and political neutrality between east and west. The Brotherhood believed in making a political deal with the Russians by offering them economic concessions. Therefore it sent one of its co-founders, Alfred Franke Griksch, two years ago to east Germany, where he has had time to build stable connections through the National Democratic Party of the 'small Nazis'. The object of such connections is to induce the Russians to believe that a reunified Germany would contain sufficient nationalist elements to ensure German neutrality and so remove the threat of the best soldiers in the world once again taking the long road to Moscow and Stalingrad. The Naumann circle looked west too. It was in touch with ex-Major Rudel—titular head of the 'Free Corps Germany' and well established in the Argentine—with ex-parachutist Skorzeny, builder of trade connections with both Spain and western Europe, and with former Nazis now active in the Arab states. Naumann, moreover, believed that the big industrialists in Germany itself would finance him, just as they financed the Nazis in the past.

Alongside the Naumann circle, the 'Free Corps Germany' looks more like a boy-scout movement gone wrong. One of its organisers, Beck-Broichsitter, was once a major in the Grossdeutschland Division and one of the triumvirate of the Brotherhood. He appears to be one of those cases of arrested mental development which the Nazis once found so useful. He considers that he is still bound by his oath to Hitler and recognises Admiral Doenitz as the legal head of the German state. He has coined the absurd phrase, 'The future of the Reich does not lie in Bonn or east Berlin, but in the ruins of the Reich Chancellery'; and he gave the Free Corps its military form of organisation with 'action groups' composed of 'V-men' who were subject to military rules. The Free Corps was anti-Semitic, anti-freemason, anti-Jesuit. Like the Naumann circle, it intended to overthrow the Federal Government. Very likely, it was prepared to act as that group's strong-arm squad.

The 'parlour Bolsheviks' gained especial influence with pacifist women's societies. They supported the neutralists' 'Freie Mitte' party of the Wurzburg University Professor Noack, which opposes 'plutocratic capitalism', 'provocative rearmament', and 'political Catholicism'. Other camouflaged Communist organisations will not be a major danger to German democracy. They can work only on a thin crust of pacifist and intellectual neutralists. The Federal Government, moreover, is aware of their activities and prepared to deal toughly with them. The very fact that they represent no voting strength invites stern action against them.

The British have dealt with the Naumann circle, the Germans with the right-wing adolescents and left-wing intellectuals. Both have shown considerable moral courage. Is there, then, any other, greater nationalist threat to German democracy? The threat is there all right, and is implicit in the real struggle which Federal Germany is making to take her place in the democratic community. It takes three forms—the expression of unwholesome nationalist sentiments by groups and individuals, the conscious efforts of right-wing political parties to make terms with ex-Nazis, and the persistently laggard growth of any positive German belief in democracy.

Least important are the wild statements which responsible Germans still make. Lately, the leader of the 'Deutsche Gemeinschaft', August Hausleiter, said that 'the criminals who have filled all offices since 1945 should be hunted out'. Another right-winger, Johannes Guth, remarked: 'The German people are mainly ruled by criminals and eighty per cent. of the bonzes of Bonn were never even soldiers'.

Herbert Muenchow, leader of the 'Reichs Jugend', has stated: 'Hitler was not responsible for the war. We lost the war because of treachery'. The most choice statement of all was from Herr Krebs, Mayor of Frankfurt: 'Take a look at democracy. It's an old skin stuffed with lice. We old soldiers know what to do with lice. We crack them with our finger-nails until the blood spurts. That's just what we have got to do with democracy'. These men are too near the core of political life to be regarded as obscene jokes. Nor is it altogether a joke when a Düsseldorf printing firm produces pamphlets about the 'Banker High Priests of the Temple, Baruch, Morgan and Rockefeller', or when showers of green lead swastikas are scattered in the streets of Dortmund.

Far more significant are the efforts of right-wing parties to attract the ex-Nazi vote in the coming Federal election. In 1949, 7,000,000 Germans either voted for right-wing 'splinter' groups or did not vote at all. Some of them may have been lazy, undecided, or uninterested. But there are 4,000,000 votes to be won from the men who sensed discrimination against themselves or who instinctively rejected the democratic experiment. Each of the three main right-wing parties has a different object in trying to win these votes. The refugee 'All German Block' wants to hold the balance between right and left after the election and take a share in government. The 'German party' wants to extend itself from Lower Saxony to the whole of Germany. The Free Democrats want to form a broad conservative block and to gain the managing share in the next Federal Government. All these parties can expand only in one direction—to the right.

Take, for instance, the case of the Free Democratic Party, whose leading members have come to the conclusion that theoretical liberalism would leave them cramped in the deep but narrow political cleft between Christian and Social Democrats. Men like Dr. Middelhaue and Herr Euler evolved a new policy of expansion into a conservative, right-wing block. They produced the strong, national 'German Programme', offered to the party congress at Bad Ems and still being examined by the party executive. Neither the thought nor the programme is offensive of itself, but they have led the Free Democrats into political jungles. They have sat down to talks with ex-Nazis and ex-Waffen S.S. Generals, and with violent nationalists. They have employed Herr Fritsche, Goebbels' deputy in the Reich Ministry of Propaganda, Herr Hanfstaengl, Hitler's foreign press relations officer, and Herr Diewerge, ex-director of Nazi ideological training and now contact man with the Naumann circle. They have made an ex-Hitler Youth leader editor of their principal paper, the *Deutsche Zukunft*, and have nominated S.S. and S.A. men as their candidates in the recent local elections. They have encouraged that curious organisation, the 'Victims of De-Nazification', which maintain that the democratic parties 'who failed to stop the Nazis', and not the Nazis themselves, were responsible for persecution of the Jews, for war and defeat.

Political Conversion of Ex-Nazis

Dr. Middelhaue, who was never a member of the Nazi Party, assures me that the Free Democrats will absorb and convert the disconsolate, drifting, right-wing elements. He believes his party will not suffer in the process. This is the belief of the German Party leaders and of Herr Kraft of the All-German Block. The latter told me: 'We are ready to accept ex-Nazis, but the emphasis must be on that prefix—ex'. Political conversion of ex-Nazis is a laudable mission for any party. But could it not be achieved by the house-to-house canvassing which does not exist in Germany, by stating a balanced case in balanced newspapers, by forming discussion groups and political societies? These are not the methods chosen by the German right-wing parties. To win over an S.S. man they go to his former commanding officer, who supervised his schooling in Nazi ideology. To gain the confidence of 'brownshirts' they offer a political appointment to the notorious storm-trooper Schepmann. To appeal to the hitherto intransigent they draw up a list of national grievances, sponsor the war-criminals with a blind disregard of facts, attack the occupying powers. Is it reasonable that a Free Democrat, Dr. Mende, should give an interview, in the Parliament House at Bonn, to an escaped *Durch* war criminal? Or that the German Party should encourage uniformed members of the pre-war *Stahlhelm* to act as chuckers-out at its meeting? Such symptoms of a cock-eyed nationalism still have to be taken at face value.

Last month the U.S. High Commission allowed a short summary of a public opinion survey to be published at the same inconvenient moment at which the British were arresting Naumann. A lot of nonsense has been written about this survey, which was incorporated in a forty-page document which most of its critics have never seen. The

survey was carefully and correctly carried out by a German firm in Frankfurt, even if the summary was over-pessimistic. The survey showed trends towards one-party government, towards giving ex-Nazis unrestricted opportunities in political life, and towards seeing less evil than good in Nazism. Active opponents of Communism numbered fifty-three per cent.; of Nazism, only twenty-four per cent. The most operative finding of the survey—that 'a large majority of the German people cannot be counted on to resist the efforts of a Nazi-type group to return to power'—was purely negative. It was still important.

The development of a positive belief in democracy is bound to be slow in Germany. This should induce no feeling of hopelessness, for the German people has had all too little time so far. On the one side are the evolutionary Christian and Social Democratic parties, the trades unions and young people anxious to learn. On the other there are groups of obscure plotters and political crackpots, and a right wing which might degenerate. The plotters and crackpots may perish. But nationalism—the boisterous and brutal kind of Germanic nationalism—must continue to be a force to be reckoned with.—*Third Programme*

Portugal: Land of Contrasts

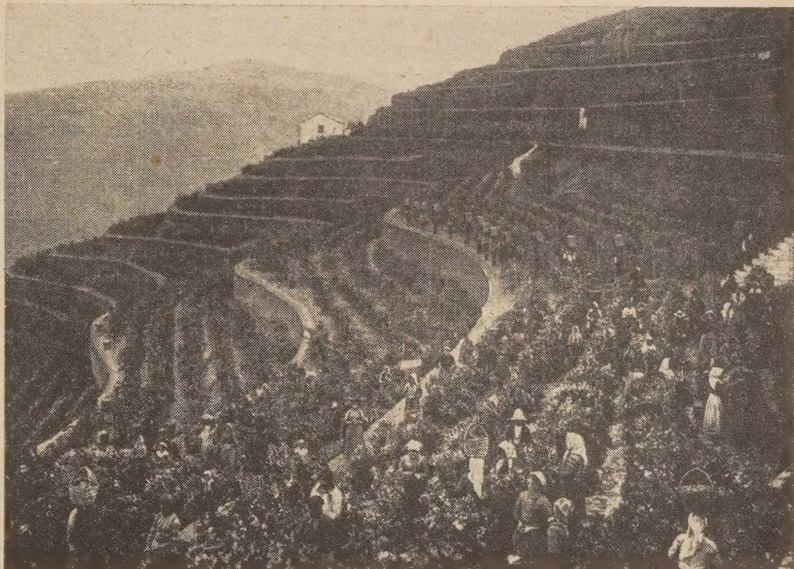
By LUIS MARQUES

THE Portuguese say 'God writes straight along crooked lines', and this helps them to reconcile the anomalies of their daily life. For Portugal is a land of contrast, not to say of paradox, and 'muddling through' is not so much a science (as it is in Britain) as a fine art in which, it may be, Providence plays no small part.

A short time ago, an American expert who was investigating Portuguese methods of production, told me that the processes of husbandry in certain parts of the country defy all calculation. A 'man-hour' in rural Portugal would seem to be as bizarre a notion as a 'light-year'. My friend has been particularly interested in the way the peasants terrace the slopes of their craggy hills so as to make them fit for cultivation. The various levels are fenced in and buttressed with slabs of granite split from the living rock by means of fire and wedges, an old and tried process, dating from the Stone Age. 'It just couldn't be done', the expert exclaimed. It was 'economically impossible'. Yet he conceded that it was done, and should endure for centuries. Villages work these schemes by immemorial methods of their own, pooling their resources and their labour, and thus circumventing those economic factors which my friend and the modern world find insuperable.

The paradox of Portuguese agriculture is reflected in other aspects of life. There are vast discrepancies in the incomes of the various citizens. £1 a day is the most a highly specialised workman can hope for, and a good carpenter is lucky if he gets more than 12s. A high percentage of the black-coated workers are state-employed, either in the Civil Service or by local authorities, or else in the many corporative organisations

which Dr. Salazar's Government has set up. Their salaries, by English standards, are small: a government typist is indeed well remunerated if she receives more than £6 a week, and not so long ago Portuguese admirals were paid less than United States naval ratings on foreign service. Health services and pension schemes there are, but on a small scale and by no means general. Taxation on industrial and commercial



Terraced vineyards in the province of Douro, Portugal. Left: students at the University of Coimbra, Lisbon



activities is high, but for all intents and purposes there is no income tax, so many people—and not only the rich—are able to live in what in some countries would be regarded as Capuan luxury as regards leisure, service, and eating. The state revenue for 1953—the budget in Portugal is from January to December—is £79,500,000 with a token surplus of £163,000 over expenditure. After contemplating the composite pattern of great need and parsimonious finance, a foreign observer might be forgiven if he exclaimed that a country like Portugal is economically impossible.

He would be wrong, of course. Portugal jogs along, not worrying too much about statistical averages, or indeed about any set standard of living, but living as best she can and according to her means at the time. Like Sam Weller, 'We takes our mutton without capers, and don't sigh after horse-radish when we can get beef'. Nevertheless, a statistical approach reveals an all-round improvement, not perhaps in relation to England or Germany or the United States, but in relation to her own former standards. Today, in Portugal, the tourist will no longer find the appalling roads of thirty years ago; the

has been a substantial improvement in the number and quality of schools and of hospitals. Means of transport between the mother country and her large African colonies, which she regards as overseas provinces, are provided by a fleet of over fifty modern ships built mainly in Britain since the war. And these material improvements have been achieved without sacrificing the traditional standards of courtesy and honesty, and that unhurried attitude to life which is perhaps the secret of Portugal's survival.

Naturally, these last qualities can be viewed differently, and there are many in Portugal itself who would be glad to see the end of the old patriarchal way of life which they attack for its inequalities and injustices. 'How do you find Portugal?' Dr. Salazar asked Christine Garnier, an amusing French writer who recently spent some weeks in this country to write up the Prime Minister and his work. 'Calm, very calm, M. le Président', she replied. 'Perhaps too calm; one might say, a country that is getting fat and sluggish'.

Yet Salazar, with the country's tacit consent (in spite of much grumbling and cavilling), prefers to go his old-fashioned way, living strictly within the country's own means and regarding with a sceptical eye schemes of world or even European federation. For twenty-six years, first as Minister of Finance and then by remote control as head of the Government, Dr. Salazar has kept Portugal's budget balanced and the accumulated surpluses make a useful national reserve. Nor does Portugal fail to co-operate with world movements. During the war she set out, with success, to keep Franco sweet and to maintain a

The Economic Plan breaks new ground in Angola and Mozambique, respectively in Portuguese West and East Africa. It aims at developing the Limpopo valley in Mozambique near the Union border, and at carrying out a similar development in the Cunene river valley, near the southern frontier of Angola. The object is to create better living conditions in order to attract a white population to these parts. As a corollary to this plan, the Government has put out feelers for a scheme to place the present state-run airlines under private ownership. This calls for a total capital of £2,000,000, which is to be subscribed to by the Governments of Angola, Mozambique and St. Tomé, banks and shipping companies and private investors. The amount open for private subscription in Portugal is £250,000, but Portuguese investors are notoriously shy and it is by no means certain that they will rise to the offer.

Illiteracy in Portugal is another of those glaring anomalies which startle the foreign visitor and is at last arousing public opinion and the Government to action. For here is a charming country, frankly progressive and humming with goodwill and industry—and yet forty per cent. of its population is illiterate. However, fifty years ago the illiteracy rate was sixty per cent., so some progress has been achieved. The new government scheme, which entered into force at the beginning of this year, tightens up school attendance regulations besides making it compulsory for all persons in public services, from dustmen upward, to have a minimum of school learning. Army school classes will be intensified, and National Service men will not be discharged until they

have passed the lower primary examination. Wits have pointed out that if recruits prove obdurate, this may result in a large standing army.

Let me hasten to say that the illiteracy question is not as serious as it seems. One is apt to regard an illiterate person in terms of oneself if one could neither read nor write, which would indeed be a sorry spectacle. But your unlettered peasant develops other faculties. He has a wonderful memory and clear reasoning powers, and often a natural rhetoric unsullied by *clichés* from the printed page. But there are certain situations which after a time become impossible. England jogged along with her rotten boroughs; even slavery in the southern states of North America had its practical points. But the time came when they had to go, and that is the attitude of the Portuguese authorities about illiteracy.

A word about bullfights: those in Portugal are not gory as in Spain, for by law the bull's horns must be sheathed in leather so that he cannot gore, but only bruise—and he does. Nor is he killed in the arena. A speciality of the Portuguese bullfight is the tackling of the winded beast by hand, a feat which is even more difficult than it looks. But even this simple sport has its complications, and only a few days ago a young amateur fighter stood his trial in Lisbon on a charge of having wilfully and wrong-

fully tackled a bull with bare horns. Young Salvacao Barreto played the part of Ursus in the latest screen version of 'Quo Vadis', and it was he who had wrestled with the wild buffalo in the Coliseum scenes; but the feat was belittled by his rivals at home, who alleged that the shots had been faked. This was too much for Ursus, who waited for the first Spanish-style bullfight in Lisbon when the matador (who in Portugal only pretends to kill the bull) is allowed to play the animal bare-horned. Young Barreto vaulted over the barrier, quite 'wilfully and wrongfully', certainly, and tackled the bare-horned beast in order to prove his detractors wrong—and was subsequently summoned for a breach of the law. The justices, however, saw the human side of the question and let him off with a £3 fine and a reprimand. Ursus, his bullfighting character unsullied, was loudly cheered in court by a host of supporters. Another young man, Manuel des Santos, darling of Lisbon crowds and well known as a matador in Mexico and in Spain, is now out on bail for having—accidentally, as he says—killed his bull a year ago. This is a far more serious offence, because public opinion on the whole is against the introduction of the death sentence, Spanish fashion, in the bullring. But as the poor youth has been badly gored twice in Mexico since his breach of peace, it is not expected that the sentence will be a heavy one. Justice in Portugal is very human.

—Home Service



Bridge across the river Tagus at Vila Franca de Xira, fourteen miles from Lisbon: it was built in 1951 by a British engineering firm

zone of peace at this end of Europe. Yet her neutrality did not prevent her granting in 1943 valuable airfield facilities to both Britain and the United States in the Azores, a concession which closed the gap in the air patrol of the Atlantic. Now, though systematically blackballed from the United Nations by Russia's veto, Portugal is a member of Nato and has been set a part commensurate with her means in the defence programme of the western nations.

The country's principal concerns this year are the new Economic Development Plan; the re-equipment and training of her armed forces, which should reach its peak this year, and the campaign against illiteracy. The last-named is considered as a work of supererogation but one which, nevertheless, cannot be put off any longer. The National Economic Plan involved a total expenditure equivalent to £169,000,000, spread over the next six years. As far as the mother country is concerned, it aims principally at completing several undertakings already begun but which have not been finished for lack of funds. Chief amongst these are the hydro-electric dams on the Zêzere and Cavado rivers. British firms are particularly interested in these developments, as they have so far supplied most of the turbines and other electrical equipment. The latest scheme is the building of a great power dam on the river Douro near the Spanish frontier. It is expected to have an annual output of 600,000,000 kW.

International Problems of Oil

By P. H. FRANKEL

PETROLEUM is always in the news but the news does not really deal with petroleum. Most of the cloak-and-dagger stories we hear about it are in fact of a political nature. Oil is not the evil spirit which poisons the world, it is the world which is out of joint. Oil is an important weapon that has become a paramount target in war and peace. Yet there is a lot that is worth knowing about the economics of oil itself.

Distribution and Demand

There is no industry more international than oil: in value it is the biggest item of international trade. Not that it is paramount in any one country—petroleum is in this respect behind other commodities, for instance coal or grain, or iron and steel—but it so happens that oil is often found in countries where it is not consumed, whereas most of the countries where it is needed have no indigenous oil. In fact, with the exception of the United States and the Soviet Union, all the major oil-consuming countries are without it, whereas oil has been found in vast quantities in comparatively undeveloped areas such as Venezuela, the East Indies, and, more recently, in the Middle East.

The fact that oil is a displaced industry is significant. Coal, the traditional source of power, happened to be mined in the principal industrial countries where it was needed; or perhaps Britain, France, Germany, and the United States had a lead in the industrial sphere just because industry developed 'firstest with mostest' where there was coal. This lead in industry caused heavy urban concentration and, when its time came, it meant oil consumption on a large scale. If countries with need for oil, whose subsoil did not look promising to the geologist, did not wish to be left behind in the new set-up they had to go out to find oil elsewhere. With their technical ability and their capital resources—a carry-over, as it were, from the coal age—these were the countries best placed to tackle the job. It is not surprising that the British and the Dutch were the first to search for and to develop oil in the East Indies, Venezuela, and the Middle East: the British were bound to be the biggest oil consumers among the countries without indigenous petroleum and had a tradition of industrial enterprise in distant lands. For the United States, on the other hand, foreign oil was until recently not a vital factor. When they entered the race after the first world war, they were prompted by the buoyancy of their oil companies, who wanted to broaden their field of action, rather than by any immediate need for foreign oil.

Problems of Producers

So much for the oil-hungry countries—the consumers. The position of some of the producer countries is no less critical: in the last century, oil was first found in Pennsylvania, adjoining other industrial areas, and the oilfields which were developed in Tsarist Russia, in Imperial Austria and in Rumania were still within the orbit of reasonably balanced states. By contrast, the newer fields found in this century—Venezuela, Persia, and latterly Arabia and Iraq—were all in difficult climates, and also in countries whose way of life and government was not fitted to cope easily with the oil industry, fast and furious. Furthermore, in Pennsylvania or in Tsarist Russia there was scope for a considerable number of individual *entrepreneurs* who acquired small- to medium-sized areas for exploration and drilling from landowners who also owned the subsoil rights. In the 'newer' oil countries the subsoil rights were mostly vested in the sovereign, who tended to grant large-scale or even exclusive rights. Thus one of the causes for the prevalence of large or exclusive oil concessions was that only the biggest companies could afford to invest the amount of money needed for exploration and drilling in countries where there were no amenities of civilisation or native skilled labour. It was necessary to bring in all the staff required and to provide from scratch for roads and utilities, for hospitals and schools.

These very high qualifications required for playing in the First Division had remarkable consequences: it made international oil

business a matter for a handful of companies. For good reasons oil always tended to be handled on a large scale: there was everywhere a trend towards concentration in big companies. The more so now because a company producing vast quantities of crude oil will have to secure transport, refining, and distribution facilities on a commensurate scale. Thus the big units of crude oil production are projected right down to the consumer. The oil company which had succeeded in finding oil in an undeveloped country put itself in a somewhat delicate position: it provided the main source of revenue and inevitably formed something like an autonomous enclave in the country in which it operated. The government of that country wished alternately to increase its revenue from the company's operations and to get rid of the strangers in their midst. Sometimes they wanted both things at the same time. The higher standard of living of the strangers made the fate of the native population appear worse: they never had had much, but now they realised it more fully—to feel poor is a matter of comparison. Worse still, it appeared to the people that the company's obvious wealth had been taken away from them.

As it happened so often in colonial development, things grew worse as they got better: the very educational effort undertaken by the concession-holding company or financed from their royalty or tax payments created an educated or semi-educated class which turned into a horbed of discontent unknown under the old feudal way of life. This was the point where a clash was almost inevitable, and in the sad case of the Persian oil trouble we can study all these symptoms. The Anglo-Iranian Oil Company has come in for a great deal of criticism, some of it undoubtedly justified. If their foresight had been as good as is now our hindsight, they would, for instance, not have built the biggest refinery in the world almost on top of the oilfields: one has to take the crude oil where one finds it, but one has some latitude in the location of refineries and need not put all one's eggs into one rather flimsy basket.

The Anglo-Iranian's Policy in Persia

However, when it comes to their handling of the Persians one must remember that Anglo-Persian (as it was then called) was the pioneer in that area: the d'Arcy concession was granted in 1901, whereas the first purely American activity in that sphere was the Bahrein company where they began working only in the early 'thirties. Obviously the pattern of Anglo-Iranian's handling of Persian affairs had been formed at times very different from ours, and the company might have found it difficult to adjust itself quickly enough. But to assume that what a board of directors did or failed to do in its wisdom or otherwise would have made a great deal of difference, is to overlook the fact that all this is but a part of a much greater historical development.

As the difference between classes within a country and within the comity of nations gets smaller, it becomes more—and not less—irksome to those lower down the scale. This development we see everywhere, oil or no oil. What is now needed is for all concerned to understand their respective positions more clearly, and in this everybody has still a long way to go. Whereas the producer countries may have underrated their rightful share in the proceeds thirty or forty years ago, they certainly overrate it now. When they talk of 'their' oil they forget that this oil was in the ground since time immemorial, but they did not know it was there; had they known, they could not have brought it to the surface; and even had it been right on their doorstep, it would not have been worth anything, because indeed oil only becomes a valuable commodity owing to the way of life of the consuming countries who can use it. The producing countries seem to have been misled by the apparent shortage of oil in the post-war period, and they must have been confused by all the competition among the oil companies at the time of granting concessions. Those two factors have hidden from their consciousness the fact that each producing country actually competes with all other producers for the market of the consuming countries. One of the really spectacular results of the Persian crisis has been the proof that the world

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The Listener

All communications should be addressed to the Editor of THE LISTENER, Broadcasting House, London, W.1. The articles in THE LISTENER consist mainly of the scripts (in whole or part) of broadcast talks. Original contributions are not invited, with the exception of poems and short stories up to 3,000 words, which should be accompanied by stamped and addressed envelopes. The reproductions of talks do not necessarily correspond verbatim with the broadcast scripts. Yearly subscription rates (including postage): inland and overseas, £1. Shorter periods, pro rata. Postage for single copies of this number: inland and overseas, 1½d. Subscriptions should be sent to the B.B.C. Publications Offices, 35 Marylebone High Street, London, W.1, or any newsagent.

Atlantic Calm

IN a world absorbed in export drives, productivity schemes, and five-year plans, our hearts go out to the Portuguese, our ancient allies and friends. Senhor Luis Marques, who broadcast a Portuguese commentary earlier this week (printed on another page) reminds us that a 'man-hour' is as bizarre a notion in rural Portugal as a 'light-year'. Portugal remains calm, as its people have done in pursuing their day-to-day avocations for hundreds of years. For them on the whole life is leisurely rather than high-powered. Though less excitable or proud or cruel than their neighbours and former foes, the Spaniards, they would concur with them in accepting the motto: 'Tomorrow is also a day'. To be bathed by the breezes of the Atlantic may in part explain a difference in temperament from that of the purely Mediterranean nations, but Portugal's history has been one of glorious struggles, by which her people have created an identity making them, like the famous wine grapes they grow, unique.

The Portuguese are a nation of poets. Their early kings were poets and so were their later revolutionaries. In the sixteenth century, the high point in the culture of our civilisation, they had in Luis de Camoens a figure who could stand comparison with Shakespeare or Milton. From their lyrical troubadours to their nineteenth-century romanticists, people in every walk of life, from noblemen and lawyers to nuns and hairdressers, have been poets. Their poets have been patriots and their patriots have been poets. So too their revolutionaries have for the most part been romantics, looking back often to golden ages, the age of a perhaps non-existent Lusitania, or to the epoch when their explorers ranged the New World and brought the wealth of Brazil under the temporary sway of Lisbon. Byron glimpsed a world of romance in the bosky hill of Cintra above Lisbon; Prince Rupert found at Lisbon a romantic refuge from which to carry on the fight for his dead King; the Duke of Wellington fought upon the heights of Torres Vedras and the woods of Busaco the campaign that helped to spell the doom of Napoleon. But the Portuguese have by no means been the watchers of outside events, affording the mere battle ground of Great Powers. They themselves expelled the Moors; punished their Spanish masters; exiled their kings, good or bad. To ride in a taxi in Portugal is to savour a spirit of adventure that is not dead.

But the Portuguese are no extremists. Their Catholicism has never been the fanatical Catholicism of the Inquisition; it was their great statesman, Pombal, who aroused eighteenth-century Europe by expelling the Jesuits. Their bullfights are not the gory displays to be seen in Spain. Their revolutions have not left long legacies of hate. George Borrow was gratified by what he found in Portugal. In Lisbon a muleteer told him 'I believe there is a God, but as for the nonsense which the priests tell us, I believe no part of it'. When he told the inhabitants of Evora that the Pope was an arch-deceiver they took it calmly. No doubt, then as now, amid the cork trees, the sardine fisheries, and the vineyards the people of Portugal went about their business methodically and placidly, not being unduly distressed over the antics of foreigners. Up in Coimbra they have their intellectuals: Dr. Salazar was a professor there. But down in the Alemtejo they may not be able to read or write. Yet one suspects that they are happy enough. Perhaps their desires are tinged a little with melancholy, as their untranslatable word 'saudade', so prized by their poets, suggests. Nevertheless, calm reigns by the Atlantic seaboard, disturbed only now and again by war or revolution.

What They Are Saying

Foreign broadcasts on the U.N. Assembly

PRESIDENT EISENHOWER'S STATEMENT about a possible meeting with Stalin and the reopening of the seventh session of the United Nations Assembly were among the international topics discussed last week.

A number of western commentators welcomed President Eisenhower's statement that he is willing to meet Stalin at some half-way point between Washington and Moscow if such a meeting seemed likely to help the cause of world freedom. But many pointed out that recent Soviet actions gave no grounds for hope that the conditions for a meeting laid down by Mr. Eisenhower would come about. The only communist reaction at the time of writing has come from a 'Russian Hour' broadcast from Vienna radio, which said that Eisenhower's statement expressing willingness to meet Stalin, subject to 'some very vaguely formulated conditions', was of little validity in view of his earlier proclamation of 'a crusade against the peoples of eastern Europe'.

The opening of the U.N. Assembly was the occasion for a number of western commentators expressing the hope that the present session would prove to have more value than the gaining of victories in the propaganda struggle. The *New York Herald Tribune* was quoted as saying:

It is because world war three has not begun, and because men of good will may still ward off the catastrophe, that this session of the U.N. has real meaning.

The *New York Times*, recalling that the Indian proposals for an armistice in Korea had the support of fifty-four nations, was quoted:

The U.N. is plainly ready to welcome any genuine peace suggestions from the Soviet bloc. But the various proposals advanced by the Soviets are the same old schemes for Communist victory long since rejected by the free world. Unless the Soviets change their policy, the U.N. cannot fail to take steps to demonstrate that its solidarity in principle also involves solidarity in action. Certainly the least it can do is to tighten the embargo on the aggressors and to provide new and positive support to the forces already fighting in Korea.

Meanwhile, broadcasts from Peking, Moscow, and the satellite radios gave great publicity to the Peking report—conveniently timed for the exact anniversary of the launching of the propaganda campaign about germ warfare—which told of the alleged confessions of two senior American officers after eight months as prisoners-of-war. Accompanying Moscow propaganda alleged that the first part of the U.N. session had made it clear that 'the government of the U.S.A. has no intention of adjusting the Korean problem in a peaceful way'. At the same time Moscow broadcasts continued to assert that the United States was intent not only on prolonging and extending the war in Korea, but on a world war. This was emphasised in a broadcast article in *Pravda* by Ilya Ehrenburg, who, after speaking of the life-and-death struggle between the 'peace' partisans and the warmongers, concluded:

All sincere people have realised that one cannot defend peace or talk about the security of one's Fatherland unless it enjoys genuine independence. . . . The presence of foreign troops on one's national territory not only injures the pride of a people and puts it in a dependent position *vis-à-vis* the plunderer, but also constitutes a threat to that country's security.

Ehrenburg was talking, of course, of the United States; but he was also speaking as a citizen of the Soviet Union, whose troops swarm in their thousands in the once independent countries of Hungary and Rumania. But, ignoring the reign of terror in the countries under Soviet domination, Ehrenburg lyrically ended:

We must fight to ensure for the world a morrow—a bright and fragrant one, like a summer's day.

The 'fragrant summer's day' now being enjoyed in Czechoslovakia was the subject of many commentaries on the occasion of the fifth anniversary of the Communist *coup* there. From the United States, the *Baltimore Sun* was quoted as recalling how five years ago Czechoslovakia was enjoying 'a kind of sedate blossoming' after her long captivity under the Nazis, until there came the present regime of police terrorism and misery. It concluded:

It is appropriate today to recall that . . . millions of Czechs still know what freedom is, and want it back.

From Prague itself, the fruits of the anniversary were hailed in triumphant tones. However, all was not well. Slansky and his gang had 'treacherously hampered the application of Soviet experience, thus causing great damage to the people's efforts towards socialism'.

Did You Hear That?

BIRDS AND THE FLOODS

SPEAKING ON 'Birds and the Floods' in 'Open Air', JAMES FISHER said: 'In making East Anglia safe for rare birds man has been able to do practically everything except contend with the cold continental winters that are more common there than in any other part of Britain, and with the more powerful floods and the storms that bring floods. These have their effect on the birds and other animals. Some are more vulnerable to one, some to the other. Take the inundation of Horsey and Hickling Broad in Norfolk in February 1938. Owing to a very large breach in the sea-wall it was a far greater flood in that particular area than happened there last month. About 7,500 acres were flooded.

'But in the following breeding-season two pairs of the rare marsh-harriers tried to breed and one succeeded. The rare garganeys—those lovely summer visiting ducks—just skipped one year. The bitterns, except for one pair, left for Suffolk, but in 1939 half were back, in 1940 two-thirds the normal number, in 1941 the full number.

'At that time Hickling Broad and its neighbours were the British headquarters of that curious little bird, the bearded tit, which lives only in reed-beds, and that all the year round. There were at least twenty nests at Hickling in 1937. After the flood in 1938 there were about a dozen nests—and they were late, with small clutches, and in 1939 there were fewer, probably not more than four. The decrease may have had nothing to do with the flood. Next year was 1940, the year of a terrible winter, and only one nest could be found at Hickling. Probably the hard weather killed more bearded tits than any flood. The winter of 1947, that awful February, appears to have wiped out all the bearded tits in England except one male; and a recolonisation, probably from Holland, chose the sanctuary of Minsmere in Suffolk to settle in, as well as the old haunts in Norfolk. So there were 100 bearded tits or more—perhaps half the British population—sheltering in the Minsmere reed-bed that night early last month when the flood came suddenly, at about one in the morning, with a north-westerly gale.

'Minsmere is looked after by the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds, and when Philip Brown, the secretary, and two of his helpers went down afterwards they saw and heard just a few bearded tits. Minsmere is a big marsh. The whole thing, through a great breach in the sea-wall, was covered with five or six feet of water over the reeds. But the water was down in three or four days—and the reeds still good. From the bird point of view, if the sea-wall can be put right in time there is no reason why the gadwall and garganey should not breed again this year.

'In 1944 the recolonisation of Britain by that wonderful awl-billed plover, the avocet, began, though nobody suspected the pair which hatched chicks in Essex in that year of being the vanguard of so many. In 1946 a pair nested in

Norfolk, in 1947, about nine at Minsmere and Havergate—Havergate is an island in the Suffolk Ore. In 1949 the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds bought Havergate Island, spent £3,500 on a new sea-wall, repairs, and sluices, and after that the avocet colony has not looked back, rearing thirty-one young in 1949 and over 100 in 1952.

'This year twenty-six different breaks were made in the sea-walls, and there are still about 1,000,000 gallons of water to shift—and just about a month before the avocets return. I will risk the opinion that the bird species that have suffered from the floods will do so only temporarily, as in 1938; and that some may not suffer at all'.

BEER TO MAKE YOUR BREECHES STICK

Brewers all over the country are now preparing the Coronation ales which will be on sale during this year. Most of them are expected to make their first appearance early in June. They will be three times as strong as normal ale. DOUGLAS WILLIS, a B.B.C. reporter, has been examining their past history and their present flavour, and gave his conclusions in 'The Eye-witness'.

'I went to a brewery at Southwark', he said, 'which is built on the site of Shakespeare's Globe Theatre, and where they have been brewing beer for 300 years. They claim to brew the strongest beer in Britain, and they told me how, in the old days, their customers would pour some of their beer on to their chairs, sit on it in their leather breeches, and if they stuck they would know that the beer was of good quality. It is not surprising, then, that this brewery is in the forefront of those who have developed a special Coronation ale which will take its place with other equally strong brews during this Coronation year. It is three times stronger than normal beer; it costs 1s. 6½d. a nip—and a nip is about a third of a pint. It has the appearance of light ale, the flavour of wine, and, drunk in quantity, might well have considerable repercussions. It takes nine days to brew, spends five weeks in cask, and then goes into bottles to compete with other Coronation beers and the public thirst.

There will be many Coronation brews—as many as there are firms who decide to produce them. There are more than 500 brewers in Britain, who produce something like 3,000 different brands of bottled and barrelled beers. The average price is expected to be about five shillings a pint.

'The brewers, for this forthcoming Coronation, are endeavouring to maintain the traditions which have grown up during many centuries of brewing. The history of beer stretches back to 400 B.C. when the Greeks sipped it from bowls through straws. It flows through the Middle Ages to the time of Queen Elizabeth I, who was a considerable connoisseur, and who insisted on having very strong beer. During one of her royal tours, Leicester wrote to Burleigh: "There's not one drop of good drink here for her. We



Cock bearded tit with young



Changing the guard. Avocets on Havergate Island belonging to the Royal Society for the Protection of Birds. The male and female take it in turns to sit on the eggs

Eric J. Hosking

were fain to send to London and Kenilworth and divers other places where ale was; her own beer was so strong as there was no man able to drink it". Those were the days of potent brews such as "hum and huff" and the "double-double". Instead of mashing the malt in water when beginning to brew, the brewer would use beer. Peter the Great learnt to like English beer so much that, when he returned to Russia, he arranged to have supplies sent to him, and his court always completed their feasts by drinking English beer after the wines and brandy. And during the eighteenth century, English stout was known at the French courts as black champagne.

"There are still a number of remarkable beers in existence. "King's Ale" brewed for Edward VII fifty years ago is now approaching prime condition. There is a "Prince's Brew" made at a London brewery to commemorate a visit by the Duke of Windsor twenty years ago, and there are a number of others whose strength can only be expressed by a row of XXXs, but the beer duty on them is so high that they cannot be retailed. Some of them, at auctions, have fetched £25 a bottle'.

RESTORING THE BUTTERWALK

During the war a group of four seventeenth-century houses, known as the Butterwalk in Dartmouth, was badly damaged by a German bomb. Afterwards the question was raised whether restoration could be effected. PETER MAGGS, a B.B.C. reporter, discussed this in a talk in the Home Service. 'After the war', he said, 'the issue was debated for hours, both in the council chamber and in the town, whether to restore the Butterwalk or to demolish it. Naturally, there were strong reasons for preserving it; but the cost of repairs was estimated at over £30,000. After many fruitless attempts, it seemed that this sum of money was simply unobtainable. Then, two years ago, the Butterwalk was scheduled as an ancient building. The Ministry of Works made a grant to cover a quarter of the cost of restoration. The War Damage Commission agreed to a claim of over £11,000, and for the rest of the money the council mortgaged a penny rate on a loan which is to be repaid over the next forty-five years.

'Three weeks ago, specially selected contractors began to thread a lattice work of steel girders through the shattered houses. Each house has a particular treasure that the Society for the Protection of Ancient Buildings wants to preserve. The big first-floor room of Number 6 is completely panelled in oak, almost black with age, and carries the carved crest of Charles II over the fireplace. Another has a plaster ceiling decorated with the winged heads of cherubs, and the next has the first three Acts of the Apostles illustrated in plaster over the mantelpiece. And all of them have original oak and corkscrew staircases, each one built round a centre post which pierces all four floors from ground to attic like the giant mast of a sailing ship. It is hoped that the whole front of the houses will be restored without using any modern replacements. At the moment, the once-solid Butterwalk resembles a rather flimsy old stage set for a period play, but above the safety fence and the steel girders, there are the letters M.H.—Mark Hawkins' initials, and two dates, 1635 and 1640, which will be there, thanks to the traditional tenacity of Dartmouth folk, for a good many more years to come'.

BOWING TO THE MAGPIE

'When I first came to live in a Derbyshire village', said ERIC SIMONS in 'The Northcountryman', 'I discovered that I had left the grim world of science and industry, and plunged straight into one in which superstition and legend still linger. I shall never forget being told, by a lady of seventy-three, of a visit paid to her by her landlord and landlady, villagers both. In their best Sunday black, sombre and forbidding, this couple appeared on the

doorstep of the cottage she rented from them. They had, it appeared, in due course, come to give her notice. Why? Because she was a fast woman. It is true the old lady came from the city; but even at seventy-three she valued her reputation sufficiently to be annoyed. How dared they say this? What argument had they to bring forward against her? The argument, it seemed, was that she slept with her bedroom window open, and that, in the eyes of the ancient inhabitants, indicated that she was a fast woman.

'After this, I began to collect some of the superstitions with which Derbyshire country folk still govern their lives. For example, I learned that it was unlucky to bring eggs into the house after sunset, and equally unlucky to point with the forefinger at the moon or the stars. Another time I learned that pigs should never be killed during a waning moon, because then the bacon will shrivel in the pot as the moon shrinks. On the other hand, kill as the moon rises to full by all means, and then your bacon will swell in the pot.

'I was talking to an old farmer one afternoon, when I saw him suddenly check his speech, bow solemnly three times, and cross himself. Not unnaturally, I asked him why he did this, and for answer he pointed to a magpie flying away. "Tha mun allus bow to t'magpie", he told me, "or 'e'll do thi chickens for thee". From the same farmer I learned that one should never burn elder wood, because Christ was crucified on an elder tree. One should never burn evergreen either.

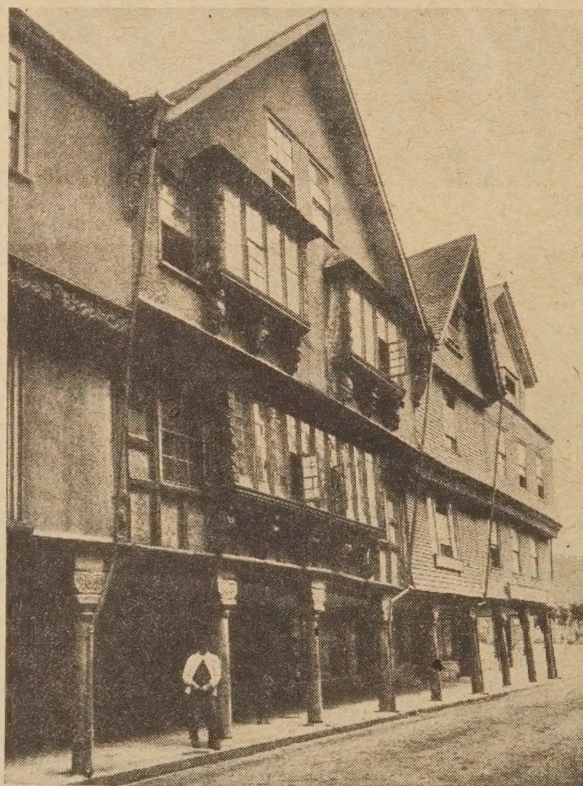
'Another superstition is that if a person nursing another finds a louse in his or her hair, the person being nursed will certainly die. Then there is the story that if a bee alights on your head, without stinging you, you may take it as a sign that one day you will be a great man. Bees are the subject of more than one superstition. In Eyam, for example, I am told there are still some villagers who soak bread or biscuits in the drink used at a funeral wake and give it to the bees of a dead beekeeper. The biscuit or cake is supposed to be triangular in shape'.

PASS ME THE WOODLOUSE SAUCE

Mr. F. S. Bodenheimer, who is Professor of Zoology in the Hebrew University at Jerusalem, has recently written a book on *Insects as Human Food*. This book was discussed in the Third Programme by Dr. MAGNUS PYKE. Dr. Pyke is of the opinion that 'the thoughtful nutritionist would thank Professor Bodenheimer most for his reference to the rare book by Mr. V. M. Holt, published in London in 1885 and now only available in the University Library at Oxford. "Cheese-mites", says Holt, "are freely eaten by many persons as 'part of the cheese'. In the same way cabbage worms are only part of the cabbage". And then he continues by describing how delicious are grasshoppers, cockchafers and wasp grubs. Finally, he gives two menus for the gentleman's dining table, of which this is one:

Snail soup
Fried soles with woodlouse sauce
Curried cockchafers
Fricassee of chicken with chrysalids
Boiled neck of mutton with wireworm sauce
Duckling with green peas
Cauliflower garnished with caterpillars
Moths on toast

'Brillat-Savarin says, "Anyone inventing a new dish does more for the happiness of his fellow men than all the philosophers, writers, scientists and politicians together". If sardines were as expensive as oysters, the scientists whose skill and knowledge enable them to be prepared and preserved and canned to bring a novel flavour and nutritional value as well into the world would have been acclaimed as highly as the discoverer of a new vitamin. Perhaps the learning now given to the world by Professor Bodenheimer will equally open a new door'.



The Butterwalk, Dartmouth: a photograph taken in 1892

National Buildings Record

The Hazard of Modern Poetry

The first of three talks by ERICH HELLER

IT is on an Easter Sunday that Goethe's Faust comes back to his study from one of the most lyrical walks of German literature. He is accompanied by a strange black poodle that, out in the fields, insisted on joining him. Faust opens the Gospel according to St. John, determined to translate it into his 'beloved German'. He is defeated by the very first line. What is it that was in the beginning? *Logos*—the Word. No, it seems impossible to rate the word so high. 'Meaning' might be better. Yet it sounds too feeble to be placed at the source of everything that is. And Faust tries 'Force'; but having moved away so far from the original text, why should the translator not go further in his freedom? 'In the beginning was the Deed'. This satisfies Faust—and excites the poodle. The translation comes to nothing because at this point the dog grows restive. He will not listen even to Faust's most potent demon-soothing magic. For he comes from hell and is a devil.

Easter Sunday and a magician; *Logos* into Word, Word into Deed, dog into devil—the scene is set for the hazard of modern poetry.

'First Significantly Ludicrous Poem'

But perhaps we ought to be more scholarly. Let us therefore turn to the *History of the Royal Society, its Institution, Design and Progress in the Advancement of Experimental Philosophy*. It was written in the second half of the seventeenth century by Thomas Sprat, Bishop of Rochester. The poet Cowley prefaced it poetically, stating the book's polemical and apologetic themes with that greater verve and vigour which, in mundane matters, the poet can more easily afford than the bishop. The poem celebrates Philosophy or Reason, referred to as He, for—so we are told—it is a 'Male Virtue'. Even before the foundation of the Royal Society he was a promising youngster:

But, oh! the Guardians and the Tutors then,
(Some negligent, and some ambitious Men)
Would ne'er consent to set him free,
Or his own natural Powers to let him see,
Lest that should put an end to their Authority.
That his own Business he might quite forget,
They amus'd him with the sports of wanton Wit,
With the Desserts of Poetry they fed him,
Instead of solid Meats t'increase his Force . . .

Luckily, the importer of solid meats was close at hand:

Bacon at last, a mighty Man, arose,
Whom a wise King and Nature chose
Lord Chancellor of both their Laws,
And boldly undertook the injur'd Pupil's Cause.

And how, according to this vision of an early scientific enthusiast, did the Lord Chancellor set about his bold business? Thus:

From Words, which are but Pictures of the Thought,
(Though we our Thoughts from them perversely drew)
To Things, the Mind's right Object, he it brought:
Like foolish Birds to painted Grapes we flew;
He sought and gather'd for our Use the true;
And when on Heaps the chosen Bunches lay,
He pressed them wisely the mechanic Way,
Till all their Juice did in one Vessel join,
Ferment into a Nourishment Divine,
The thirsty Soul's refreshing Wine.

Maybe this is the first significantly ludicrous poem ever written. It not only reads like an anticipated parody of Faust's 'Word into Deed', but also states with naive earnestness a theme that for three centuries to come was to pursue the lives and works of poets and artists with a persistent curse, whispering into their ears now the sinister threats of unreality, and now again the subtle temptation of transcendent glory. Can we trace the flight of the foolish birds back to the nest where they were fledged; where on the wings of words, which are but pictures of the thought, they left behind the things, the mind's right object? The bird's-eye view of an immensely complex landscape of time may choose for closer inspection a scene in Marburg. There a theological dispute is in progress. The disputants are two powerful theologian-reformers

of the sixteenth century: Martin Luther and Ulrich Zwingli. To the modern lay-mind their debate may seem like mere scholastic hair-splitting, but history would suggest that it was more like Samson's hair-cut. Its consequences most certainly unsteadied the pillars upon which a great house stood.

The dispute is about the nature of the eucharist, the sacrament of the Lord's Supper. The bread and the wine—are they the body and blood of Christ, or are they 'mere symbols'? Luther, with all his deviations from the traditional dogma, is the man of the Middle Ages. The word and the sign are for him not merely 'pictures of the thought', but the thing itself. Yet for Zwingli, steeped in the enlightened thought of the Italian Renaissance, this is a barbarous absurdity. The sacrament is 'merely' a symbol, that is, it symbolically represents what in itself it is not.

This is indeed a very particular occasion. It is a unique and uniquely sacred symbol that is being discussed. The issue is clearly defined and specified. It is not even new. There are precedents for it throughout the history of Christian theology. All this should warn us against facile generalisations. Yet there remains the fact that never before had this question raised so much dust and generated so much heat. For now it is merely the theological climax of a deep revolution in the thoughts and feelings with which men respond to the world they inhabit; the Miltonian opportunity for a 'Truth who, when she gets a free and willing hand, opens herself faster than the pace of method and discourse can overtake her'. It is now that thirty years of war lie ahead, and the slow emergence of an age in which not only the sacraments but the holiness of all that is holy will cease to be 'literally true'. There will be a world which must find it more and more difficult even to grasp, let alone accept, what was in Luther's mind when he fought Zwingli's 'demythologising' (an activity as hazardous as the word that expresses it, tongue-twister for angels and bedevilling the minds of men.) Lost will be that unity of word and deed, of picture and thing, of the bread and the glorified body. Body will become merely body, and symbol merely symbol. And as for the refreshing wine, it will be drunk by thirsty souls only when in the very depths of their thirst they are quite sure that it was pressed from real grapes in the mechanic way.

A Spirit in the Society of Spirits

What, then, is the nature of the revolution signalled by a theological dispute that seems concerned merely with degrees of symbolic 'literalness'? And what, above all, has it to do with our subject, which is the fortunes of modern poetry? Perhaps we can answer both questions at once by saying that Zwingli's argument did to the status of religion, poetry, and art what some time later Copernicus did to the status of the earth. As the earth was to become merely a planet in the company of planets, so now the spirit of poetry became merely a spirit in the society of spirits. Of course, I do not confuse a theological controversy with an exercise in aesthetic theory. But I do suggest that at the end of a period that we call rather vaguely the Middle Ages there occurred a radical change in man's idea of reality, in that complex fabric of unconsciously held convictions about what is real and what is not. This was a revolution comparable to that earlier one which Nietzsche called the victory of the Socratic mind over the spirit of Dionysian tragedy. And indeed both victories saddled us with the unending bother of aesthetic philosophy. Plato was the first great man of Greece who charged poetry with the offence of confounding man's soberly useful notions about reality, an indictment that led to Aristotle's theory about the 'use' of tragedy. And ever after Zwingli the most common response to the reality of symbols was a shrugging of shoulders, or an edified raising of eyes and brows, or an apologia for poetry, or an aesthetic theory.

It would, of course, be absurd to believe that before the triumph of that Reason which Cowley celebrated, men were less able than we are (and are we really so able?) to distinguish between illusion and reality, between lunacy and common sense. This would be putting the question in terms that do not apply, because these are the terms of modernity. It is even possible that on the level of an *élite* the ability to discriminate

was more assured than is ours. For only when the spiritual is known and felt to be real, can there be realistic discrimination between things that claim to be things of the spirit. These men held in their hands, touching and weighing it, the reality of the infinite; we have merely its taste. And it is wiser, or so they say, not to judge in a conflict of tastes—*de gustibus non disputandum*. They knew the symbol when they saw it; we only see it, and are left in the dark. For it is merely a symbol, and may mean this or that or nothing on earth.

Reducing the Stature of the Symbol

One way of speaking of the revolution I have in mind is to say that it reduced the stature of the symbol to the *merely* symbolic. Thus it deprived the language of religion as well as of art of an essential degree of reality. At the beginning the separation proved most beneficial to both partners. Reality, freed from its commitments to the symbol, became more really real than before. The hand of man, reaching out for his reality, was no longer unsteadied by the awe and fear of the symbolic mystery. He acquired the surgeon's hygienic dexterity. And reality, pressed the mechanic way, yielded ample nourishment, real if not divine. As reality became more real, so the symbol became more symbolic and art more artistic. The artist ceased to be a humble craftsman, supplying goods for the common trade between heaven and earth. He set himself up as a dealer in very special specialties, with a heaven all to himself and an earth to look down upon.

But there were also signs of uneasiness. They mounted to a climax of tension in the seventeenth century. What was first felt to be a liberation appeared more and more as a robbery. Robbed of its real significance, what did the symbol signify? Robbed of its symbolic meaning, what did reality mean? What was the State on earth? A Leviathan. What was God? More and more a *deus absconditus*, an infinitely remote and impenetrably veiled God. This was not only the century of Newton, the century of cosmic tidiness and calculable pulls and pushes. This it was indeed in the sphere of 'reality', that obedient patient under the fingers of man's mind. But in the sphere of the soul, disobedient sufferer of God's anger and grace, it was the century of Pascal and Hobbes, of the desperate and once more triumphant convolutions of the Baroque, and of the metaphysical poets. Commerce between the separated spheres, felt to be urgent again, moved uneasily, intensely, and anxiously along disrupted lines of communication. Strategical points had to be gained by cunning, break-throughs to be dared with the passion of spiritual violence. The Baroque was the architectural style of such manoeuvres of the soul. And as for spiritual cunning, it was in the conceits of metaphysical poetry, in the self-conscious ambiguities of poetical language (there are, we are told, as many types of it as deadly sins), and in the paradoxes of Pascal's religious thought. For ambiguity and paradox are the manner of speaking when reality and symbol, man's mind and his soul, are at cross-purposes.

The estrangement was to continue. The symbol was made homeless in the real world, and the real world made itself a stranger to the symbol. Architecture, the most 'real' of all the arts, steadily declined. After the seventeenth century Europe no longer dwelt or worshipped or ruled in buildings created in the image of authentic spiritual vision. For all that was real was an encumbrance to the spirit who, in his turn, only occasionally called on the real, and even then with the embarrassment of an uninvited guest. He was most at home where there was least 'reality': in music. The music of modern Europe is the one and only art in which it surpassed the achievement of former ages. This is no accident of history: it is the speechless triumph of the spirit in a world of words without deeds and deeds without words.

Man's Experience of Himself

The great revolutions in human history do not change the face of the earth. They change the face of man, the image in which he beholds himself and the world around him. The earth merely follows suit. It is the truly pathetic fallacy of empiricism that it offers as safe harbour what is the ocean itself, the storms, the waves and the shipwrecks, namely man's experience of himself and the 'objective' world. The history of human kind is a repository of scuttled objective truths, and a museum of irrefutable facts—refuted not by empirical discoveries, but by man's mysterious decisions to experience differently from time to time. All relevant objective truths are born and die as absurdities. They come into being as the monstrous claim of an inspired rebel and pass away with the eccentricity of a superstitious crank. Only between these extremities of the mind is 'objective truth' truly true, alive at the centre of everything. Then this truth inspires the deeds of men and helps them

to form the images of faith. Thus 'objective truth' is equally at work in the totems and taboos of savages, the pyramids of Egypt, the gods and centaurs of the Olympian friezes, the cosmology of Dante and the theory of the expanding universe. And who, I wonder, could journey from Delphi to the Byzantine monastery of Hosios Lucas, leaving the Charioteer in the morning, and in the evening gazing at the mosaic Madonna in the apse of the monastery's church, without being followed into his dreams by echoes from the abyss that divides throughout the ages truth from truth, and the image of man from the image of man?

The ostrich is said to bury his head in the sand at the approach of inescapable danger. Experience is to the empiricist what the sand is to the ostrich's head. Truth, however, is not in what is both blinding and shifting. It is in the inescapability of the danger that there may be no Truth. Hence it is not empirical knowledge that is the organ of Truth. What is empirically true and real now is largely what has escaped the attention of the past, and will escape from the future as a boring anachronism. Uncertainty alone is ineluctably real. It is through despair that man escapes from even this inescapable reality. But he meets it in faith, recognising it without losing hope and suffering it not without love.

The elusiveness of this faith and the persistent closeness of that despair make modern poetry the hazardous enterprise that it is. True, the poet is at all times more easily afflicted than others by despair and the waning of faith. But these are more than individual perils in our age, for at its very centre is an amorphous indecision. The physicists, always busy to vindicate empirically metaphysical notions about the nature of the world, seem today more directly preoccupied with the metaphysical beliefs, insensibly accepted by the community. With the precision of mathematical reasoning they explore the terrible imprecision of our faith. For both our faith and our physics are fascinated by the vast voids inside and outside everything that exists, by empty fields of tension, and by the indeterminate motion of particles senselessly speeding around one another in order to hide from themselves the nothingness at the core of all things.

The Centre of Divine Attention

This, it seems, is the consummation of that revolution of which I spoke. Before it began, the world, with its bread and its wine, was in all its sinfulness the centre of divine attention. From this obstinate supervision man struggled into a new freedom. He exercised it gloriously within the vast symbolic space that lies between divine presence and divine remoteness. He learned to speak his own language. But the more freely he spoke, the less the word counted. For it became the sport of wanton wit. And thought's more reliable objects were therefore things, the true outcome of the deed that was at the beginning. At the end there may be neither words nor deeds, but merely, for all we know, a slight disease, a rash of matter that matters little to so robust a body of nothingness.

Against this background I invite you to ponder the problems of modern poetry—problems that poetry shares with all the other arts. Therefore, in speaking about poetry we always mean more than poetry, just as poetry always means more than itself. What is it, then, that poetry means? Its meaning is the vindication of the worth and value of the world, of life and of human experience. At heart all poetry is praise and celebration. Its joy is not mere pleasure, its lamentation not mere weeping, and its despair not mere despondency. Whatever it does, it cannot but confirm the existence of a meaningful world—even when it denounces its meaninglessness. Poetry means order, even with the indictment of chaos; it means hope, even with the outcry of despair. It is concerned with the true stature of things. And being concerned with the true stature of things, all great poetry is, in the deepest sense of the word, realistic.

But what is to happen if doubt about the true stature of things invades the very sphere of experience and intuitive insight in which poetry is formed? If suspicion attacks the value of the real world? Then the poetic impulse will seek refuge in a sphere all its own, a little cosmos of inwardness salvaged from the devaluation of the world. 'The Discovery and Colonisation of Inwardness'—this might be a fitting title for the story of poetry from the Renaissance to our day. It begins with the vitality of adventurers, driven from their homeland by the impoverishment of its soil, and culminates in the display of unexpected treasures. Will it end with the homesickness of a defeated race? Or with the father's return to the prodigal son?—*Third Programme*

The Reith Lectures for 1953 are to be given by Professor J. Robert Oppenheimer of the Institute for Advanced Study at Princeton, on 'Science and Contemporary Man'.



Glastonbury Tor from the Vale of Avalon

Myth or Legend?—III

Glastonbury and the Holy Grail

By R. F. TREHARNE

GLASTONBURY TOR was designed by nature to attract men, history, and legend. Has any place in Britain a longer history of unbroken human life, or a more involved tangle of gossamer fancy and hard fact for the story of its past? It is the fairy isle of Avalon, where Arthur lies waiting his call to rescue the world once more from heathen savagery and evil men. A mile away is Pomparlès, the 'Bridge Perilous' over the little river Brue, where he cast Excalibur into the water. Barely a dozen miles off stands Cadbury Castle, the 'many towered Camelot' of the legend.

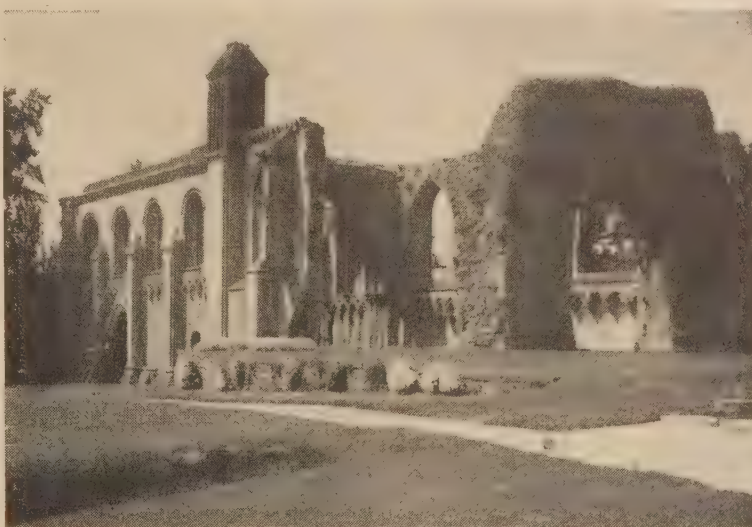
Still more, it was to Glastonbury, first of all places in Britain, that our Christian faith came. When the Apostle Philip had converted Gaul, he sent a great company of his followers, led by Joseph of Arimathea, to evangelise Britain in the year 63. Joseph brought with him the Holy Grail, the sacred chalice of the Last Supper, in which he had collected Christ's blood at the Crucifixion. Approaching Glastonbury after many strange adventures, the disciples rested awhile on the little rise half a mile south-west of the tor. When Joseph stopped to pray at the foot of the tor his staff took root and budded, a miraculous sign that he had reached his journey's end. The local king, Arviragus, though he rejected Joseph's gospel, gave him the firm land around the tor for his settlement. 'Ynys Witrin' the British called it—the isle of woad'. Here Joseph built the first Christian church in Britain, and here he buried the Grail. His rooted staff became the Glastonbury Thorn, flowering every Christmas to honour Christ's birth, and the little

hill where they had rested was called Wearyall Hill. The Grail became the object of the mystic quest of King Arthur's knights, thus linking together the two otherwise separate legends. Finally, in 1191, the monks of Glastonbury discovered the bodies of King Arthur and Queen Guinevere, lying buried within their walls, with a leaden cross inscribed: 'Here lies buried the renowned King Arthur, with Guinevere his second wife, in the Isle of Avalon'. Such is the essence of the Glastonbury story: how much of it is fable, how much history?

About the year 1125, a great monastic chronicler, William of Malmesbury, visited Glastonbury Abbey, and wrote a book *On the Antiquity of the Church of Glastonbury*, recording what the monks told him about their famous house. Successive Glastonbury writers frequently re-edited this book, so that, in its surviving form, it tells what men

believed about 120 years later, and not what William had originally written. But, fortunately, William had copied his original account of Glastonbury's history into a bigger book, *The Deeds of the Kings of Britain*, and by comparing these two books we can see what William heard in 1125 and what the tradition was 120 years later.

William's account of Glastonbury's history is detailed, careful, and critical: he did not believe all he was told. He saw the primitive little church of wattles and clay, the holy of holies of Glastonbury, which they told him was the first Christian church built in Britain. He carefully refused to commit himself to the story that St. Philip's disciples had built it in the year 63. If St. Philip really did evangelise Gaul, he com-



The Lady Chapel of Glastonbury Abbey, built in the twelfth century on the site of the wattle church which had been destroyed by fire

R. Winstone

mented, then he might well have sent missionaries into Britain. But William preferred the alternative story that the wattle church was built in the year 166, by emissaries of the Pope, sent at the request of Lucius, King of Britain. This was a genuine misunderstanding. There were no kings of Roman Britain in A.D. 166, and Lucius ruled, not in Britain, but at Bithra in Mesopotamia. The rest of William's story is of the ever-growing fame and holiness of the little church, a centre of pilgrimage and the home of saints innumerable. St. Patrick came from Ireland in 432 and organised the colony of scattered hermits at Glastonbury into a monastery, which he ruled as abbot for thirty years. St. Bridget of Ireland, St. Gildas the historian, and St. David of Wales all came to live there, and St. Paulinus, the first Archbishop of York, piously covered the little church with timber and lead, to protect it from the weather. Such was the fame of this ancient shrine that when, in 658, it fell into English hands, the English, now themselves Christian, outdid the British in lavishing gifts upon it.

But in all this, although William is profoundly impressed by the antiquity of Glastonbury, there is no mention of Joseph of Arimathea, the Holy Grail, or King Arthur. Yet William knew of Arthur, for elsewhere he wrote: 'This is that Arthur concerning whom the idle tales of the Britons rave wildly even today'. The historic Arthur he praises, though he does not link him with Glastonbury. He will have none of the Arthur of romance. Hitherto the story of Arthur had been exclusively Celtic, but about the year 1135, that amazing romancer, Geoffrey of Monmouth, published his fabulous *History of the Kings of Britain*, translated, he said, from an old Welsh book. To an astonished and delighted world, Geoffrey gave the core of the Arthurian legend, essentially Celtic and more than half pagan myth, only superficially touched with French and Christian chivalry. Arthur was here portrayed as the heroic British warrior-king, not as the idealised medieval knight of the Anglo-French poets, of Sir Thomas Malory, and of Tennyson. Of Joseph of Arimathea and the Holy Grail, Geoffrey says nothing. He tells that Arthur, mortally wounded in battle, at the river Camlan, 'was carried thence to Avalon for the healing of his wounds', but Geoffrey never identifies Avalon with Glastonbury. His 'Insula Avallonis', 'Ynys Afallon', 'the isle of apples', is a magic isle of healing and plenty, far in the western ocean, but really not of this world at all. It is the Celtic counterpart of the Greek Hesperides, the islands of golden apples.

Despite scornful denunciations from exasperated historians, Geoffrey became a best-seller almost overnight. No twelfth-century writer was more widely read, copied, and plagiarised. In the next seventy years legends from all over Europe had been grafted on to Geoffrey's stock, and the half-pagan Celtic story had been Europeanised and Christianised by adding the mystic motif of the Holy Grail. Arthur became the knightly king, with his lovely queen, Guinevere, his Round Table of noble knights, and all the panoply of chivalry and magic that a romantic age could devise. Soon men attempted to locate the legends, and in 1194, in recounting the discovery of the bodies of Arthur and Guinevere, Gerald of Wales first identified Avalon with Glastonbury. How had this become possible?

On May 25, 1184, the whole abbey, including the wattle church, was destroyed by fire. The abbot and monks launched a national appeal, under royal patronage, for funds to rebuild the abbey on a scale commensurate with its fame, and in two years received money enough to build the beautiful new Lady Chapel, on the site of the wattle church. The appeal then wilted, with the vast new church barely begun. To meet this desperate crisis, Arthur and Guinevere had to be discovered, since an age which read far more of Arthur and his knights than of the whole calendar of saints, would subscribe with enthusiasm for a church worthy of this exciting discovery. Arthur and Joseph of Arimathea were now firmly grafted on to the stock of the Glastonbury tradition, to flourish there ever since.

The new legend swiftly submerged the older tradition, though so little of it was true. The Arthur of the romances, with Queen Guinevere and the Knights of the Round Table, are nothing more than imaginary figures in the greatest of all romances. A real Arthur, indeed, there was, dimly discerned by historians, winning imperishable fame by his gloriously successful resistance to the invading Saxons about the end

of the fifth century. No king of Britain, or of any other realm, Arthur was simply a country gentleman who became a great cavalry general and won glory as the saviour of his people in their hour of need. Nothing in history links him with Glastonbury, though of course we cannot assert that he never visited so sacred a shrine. Who knows where he lies? 'A grave there is for Mark, a grave for Gwythur, a grave for Gwgawn of the Red Sword: a marvel till the day of judgment the grave of Arthur', said the Welsh poet.

We need not doubt that when Gerald of Wales visited Glastonbury he saw the two bodies which he says had been found a year or two earlier. Perhaps the monks had unearthed a genuine Celtic burial; perhaps some genius with a flair for publicity had simply transplanted into the monastery grounds the skeletons of some nameless Celtic chief and his wife, buried 1,000 years earlier in a dug-out canoe near the prehistoric lake village below the tor. But whoever they were, they were not Arthur and Guinevere of the romances, for these were beings incorporeal, whose feet had never trod this heavy earth of ours. Nor was it the Arthur of history whose skeleton Gerald saw, for he would have had Christian burial.

And what of the Grail? That, too, is mingled myth and legend. To be fair, the monks of Glastonbury never claimed to have it. The Church mistrusted the story of the Grail, and never officially recognised it. At Glastonbury the monks said that St. Joseph had brought, not the Grail but two glass cruets containing the blood and the sweat of Christ, and these were buried with Joseph, not mysteriously hidden. They figure clearly in the late medieval glass of the east window of Langport church, nearby. But popular fancy insisted on the Grail, and popular fancy had its way.

As for Joseph, we must not assert that it is impossible that he should have come to Glastonbury. We do not know what became of him after the Resurrection, and, once Rome had conquered Britain, a rich Jewish merchant could have travelled more easily in the next thirty years from Palestine to Glastonbury than at any other time in the middle ages. Beyond this, we cannot go. The story is an extremely late tradition, bearing every mark of invention, and no historian would assert its probability. Chalice Well must go with the Grail, and Wearyall Hill is clearly a too-ingenious attempt to explain Wirral Hill, the real name of the little rise, meaning only 'the hill of the bog-myrtle meadow'. The famous Glastonbury Thorn, botanists tell us, was simply a freakish form of common hawthorn; and similar specimens have been known in other places.

But after all, Glastonbury needs no legend, however ethereal, however romantic, to enhance its venerable antiquity, for in essence, if not in detail, the story of the abbey as told by William of Malmesbury is true. That Glastonbury was the most venerated of all British shrines when the English invaders reached it, is beyond dispute, and the reason for this veneration was immense antiquity. There is no inherent improbability in the visits of St. Patrick, St. Bridget, St. Gildas, and St. David. Whether it was, or was not, St. Patrick who organised the Glastonbury hermits into the first monastery, the use of his name indicates at least that the abbey was founded by Irish missionaries in the fifth century on a site already Christian, and this surprises no historian of the age. Perhaps the story of St. Philip's mission in the year 63 was invented by defiant Celtic clergy, struggling to assert their independence against the arrogant St. Augustine of Canterbury in the seventh century, by claiming an origin independent of Rome and a founder co-equal with St. Peter. Although, like William of Malmesbury, we may withhold belief in so early an origin for Christian Glastonbury, the story has a core of probable truth. The later legend makes St. Joseph approach Glastonbury from the south-west. Take this in conjunction with St. Philip's fabled mission, and have we not here, despite all the forgotten detail, a half-conscious memory of a vitally important fact? To those familiar with the trend of recent research on early British Christianity, there will be no surprise in the suggestion conveyed by the Glastonbury legend that Christianity, like so many prehistoric beliefs, came to Britain from the south-west—not by the short sea-route across the Dover Straits to London, but by the stormy western sea-ways between Brittany and Cornwall, and that under Glastonbury Tor it found its first resting place and shelter in our land.—Home Service



St. Joseph of Arimathea with two cruets containing the blood and sweat of Christ: from the east window of Langport church
From 'Two Glastonbury Legends' by J. Armitage Robinson (C.U.P.)

What is a 'Democratic Education'?—II

By ERIC JAMES

WE ended our last discussion* of the relationship between democratic ideas and education with a question: if we are not going to allow the individual complete freedom, where, in a democratic community, are we going to find an ultimate authority to which it is right for him to submit? The obvious answer is that the desires and judgments of the individual must be tested by those of the community as a whole, whether it be a school or a wider society, and that one of our chief duties in the school is to instil this idea of social obligation. By an easy transition we may find ourselves taking as our ultimate standards of right action, and of much else too, the opinion of a majority. The duty of the individual to his community is accepted by all societies, whether democratic or not. But it tends to be stronger in a society that has thrown over the idea of the personal authority of an individual. It may be particularly strong, moreover, when other standards of behaviour, especially those provided by a religious belief, have undeniably declined. In such a society the individual tends to find the standards he needs to run his life by identifying himself with the mass of his fellows.

Emphasis on the Community

We can certainly see this emphasis on the community as a very important feature in contemporary educational thought and practice. We see it in familiar forms in the virtues of team spirit, in loyalty to the school and the house. It is often claimed that the success of boarding schools is due in a considerable degree to the sense of public obligation that they often find it easier than day schools to instil. Nor is this strong sense of community restricted to what we may call conventional schools. It is no less common in the minds of the most progressive educationists. And there is no doubt at all that there is much that is admirable and necessary in this kind of doctrine. That is why every teacher, whatever kind of school he is concerned with, is anxious to make it a genuine community with a sense of unity and obligation. For one of the greatest dangers of democracy is an extreme and irresponsible individualism, and I said last time that this was an unsound basis for education. It is absolutely right that the necessity for service, for co-operation, for the performance of duties as well as the claiming of rights, should be constantly in the minds of teachers, and they must spare no efforts to pass them on to their pupils.

But we must be aware of the very real danger that, by throwing over the authoritarian teacher in our desire for liberty, we may enthrone in his place an even more oppressive tyranny—that of the group. Just as in wider communities majorities may be tyrannical (as John Stuart Mill so eloquently told us), just as the good of the community may be used there as an excuse for persecutions and cruelties, so can it be in schools. There are times when I am afraid that in a laudable desire to ensure that our schools are communities we may allow social pressures, always very strong in the young, to be too relentless and too extensive. And the tyranny of the consciously progressive may be just as brutal as the out-of-date heartiness of the play-up-and-play-the-game school. The very modern pedagogue who hopes that Jennifer will integrate herself dynamically with the social pattern, or some clap-trap of that sort, is in a way as stupidly coercive as the senior prefect who says that all boys who do not watch the house match will be beaten. This is actually another danger that is inherent in some of the schemes of democratic self-government in schools to which I referred last week. I must own that my blood runs cold when I read of an assembly of children not only making rules, but sitting in judgment on their fellows who have broken them. Superficially it is a triumph for democracy: in practice it may be a triumph for harshness and lack of understanding. We must remind ourselves of our starting point—that respect for the individual is the main theme of the democratic ideal, and for the individual it is as unpleasant to be steamrollered by mass opinion as bludgeoned by a single dictator.

In dealing with children it is particularly vital that we should remember all this. Individuality, particularly in adolescence, is very vulnerable: it is flowering with immense difficulty through a hard crust of custom

and convention: it is combined uneasily with a gregariousness that can be cruel and intolerant. In the same child there is a desire to be a person on one's own, and a craving to be accepted as one of a group. I often think that the great test of an education, in so far as it claims to be democratic, is how successful it is with the unusual and 'difficult' child. And by successful I do not mean the ironing out of individuality so that at the end we can say smugly, as we often do, 'Jack has now got over his difficulties,' and is now an acceptable member of the school community'. I mean, rather, enabling Jack to come to some sort of terms with his environment, while still retaining the qualities that make him Jack, so that if we were honest we could write on his last report: 'Jack is still very odd, and a good thing too, for there is the chance that his oddness will one day lead to a book, or a picture, or an equation that will remind ordinary people like us that the aim of society is not just life, but the good life'. If the greatest contribution of an individual to the world can be his own uniqueness, it may well be the duty of a teacher to protect some individuals from the pressure of the community upon them.

The truth is that if our democratic faith means anything it means that we must be prepared to tolerate heretics. Actually the modern world, with its rapid communications, its radio and television, has seen an immense strengthening of the forces leading men to conform: such devices may ultimately be more dangerous to the heretic than hemlock, persecution, or torture. Yet the existence of heretics is a necessity for the good society. The very essence of moral and political progress is that the ordinary standards of the community should be constantly scrutinised by a minority distinguished by greater intelligence, more active consciences, and deeper insight than are possessed by the majority of men. Socrates compared himself to a gadfly because he would not let men's minds sleep in tranquillity, and it is as gadflies of this kind that those who refuse to conform must be welcomed. It is probably asking too much of our education that it should be expected to produce such spirits. But at any rate we must try to see that it does not stifle them. We cannot too often remind ourselves that the two great streams of thought that contribute most to our education, Christianity and Hellenism, flow from two great figures who were alike in that they were condemned by their contemporaries.

An Unreal Dilemma

At this point I can well imagine you protesting that this is all very well, but it contradicts nearly everything that I said in my first talk. Am I not supporting that unbridled individualism that I then condemned? Then I was stressing the necessary limitations of freedom: now I am urging the preservation of the individual conscience from too great a subservience to the community. But this dilemma is essentially an unreal one. We are not forced to choose between education for conformity and education for freedom, between a kind of education that on the one side seeks by a careful process of indoctrination to produce well-behaved citizens of an ant-state, or, on the other, one that gives to the developing personality no standards of judgment at all. The truth is that education for conformity and education for freedom must go on side by side. The emphasis we give in a particular set of circumstances will depend, as every other kind of education should depend, on the nature of the pupils. If they are young, or not very intelligent, or if their moral foundations are insecure, then we shall concentrate on implanting the bare essentials of conformity with what society regards as right conduct. And with a great number of people that is as much as, sometimes even more than, we can hope to do. But the older and the more intelligent the pupil, the more firmly he understands the nature of his fundamental obligations to society, the more we can encourage him to develop his own ideas, and rely upon the conclusions of his own judgment.

To put the matter in the most simple terms, I do not find it inconsistent with my democratic beliefs to tell Bröwn, aged eleven, with all the dogmatism that I can command, that he must go to his French lesson; and at the same time to listen sympathetically to, and argue

seriously with Jones, aged seventeen, when he says that he does not want to go to school prayers. And if Jones can show me that his lack of conformity springs from a genuine and conscientious position that he has really thought about, then I am prepared to let him have his way, while making it clear that I do not necessarily think he is right. Ultimately, at this level, what we call moral education and education for democracy are the same. We are in each case attempting to produce individuals who can think seriously and independently about matters of conduct and belief, and, if necessary, reach conclusions which differ from those of their group. It is of great importance that for those people capable of this kind of independent thought and judgment we should provide an education that at its higher levels gives them scope for exercising such abilities. At some stage, whatever their special interests, whether they study mainly science, or history, or languages, they must be given the chance of coming up against the larger questions of political organisation and moral behaviour, and by study and discussion given the chance of forming judgments about them.

If those of our pupils who are capable of doing so are to be encouraged by a democratic education to develop and express independent and even unpopular opinions in this way, what about the teachers? If our society is going to tolerate the existence of heretics, is it to tolerate heretical teachers? For the teacher is in a special position. Some of our fear of indoctrination in education arises from the knowledge that the teacher is dealing with young minds; he can

mould them by the use of his greater knowledge, his greater competence, by the authority of his position. Are we, as democrats, to allow him the liberty to disseminate in this way views which society as a whole finds unacceptable or even dangerous? It is the knowledge that the teacher is in a key position in a democracy that has given rise, for example, to the loyalty oaths for teachers in some American institutions.

The question is an immensely difficult one. On the one side we can say that the only hope for the survival of democracy in a world where rival creeds are fighting for men's minds is to make democracy itself a burning faith, and this may easily mean that only people with this faith shall be allowed to wield the authority and the influence of the teacher. But the danger of this position is clear enough. If we make democracy itself into a party line and insist that all who teach shall subscribe to it, we are, it seems, more than half-way to totalitarianism. There is, I believe, no perfectly simple and ready-made answer to this question, and we must adapt our practice to particular situations. Our solution will depend on the nature and tradition and strength of particular schools and universities. The balance of freedom and authority must vary with particular circumstances. But we must always remind ourselves that the surest way to betray democracy is to turn ourselves into persecutors, and to exclude from education all ideas with which we ourselves disagree. If democracy is to survive we must train the young, at some stage and in so far as they are capable of it, to choose between rival doctrines for themselves.—*North of England Home Service*

Farewell to Europe?

By GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH

A GOOD deal of our thinking about practical problems of current politics is bound up with the patterns we have formed in our minds of the course of historical development, particularly the historical development of modern Europe. We look at the issues facing us today with analogies from the past in our minds, so that the present appears to us very largely as a prolongation of the past. This is natural enough, and within limits useful, since there is a certain continuity in the policy of all the Great Powers. But, rigidly applied, it is also very dangerous, since it makes no allowance for what H. A. L. Fisher once described as 'the play of the contingent and the unforeseen'—that is, for newly emerging factors outside the range of our historical experience. And it is doubly dangerous if the conceptions of historical development on which we draw for comparison and analogy are partial, one-sided, or simply ill-founded. What I am going to suggest here is that very many of our historical conceptions are ill-founded and one-sided, and that consequently there is a great deal of confusion in our assessment of current international problems.

The conception of European history which underlies all standard accounts in our own language goes back to the great German historian, Leopold von Ranke. For Ranke the foundation of European history lay in the 'unity' (as he called it) and inter-connected development of the 'Romano-Germanic peoples' of western Europe. They constituted, he says, 'a world for themselves'; a world which was the foundation upon which 'the whole development of our conditions down to the most recent times has depended'. The 'unity' of which Ranke speaks must not, of course, be misunderstood. Each of the 'six great nations' of the Romano-Germanic world has always been a distinct unit; they never formed one society, 'were almost always at war among themselves'. But their 'common development . . . necessarily produced the same ideas in all'. Therefore their 'unity' is unity in plurality—perhaps better, unity in diversity. And this conception of 'unity in diversity' is characteristic for the whole conception of European history which Ranke bequeathed to western historical thought. The immense potentialities of Europe, and still more the freedom to develop these potentialities, are unthinkable without the diversity, the free interplay in political rivalry and economic competition between the constituent nations. And the practical means by which this free interplay is secured is the system of balance of power; a system which time and again in the course of modern history maintained the essential character of European civilisation by preventing the hegemony of any one among the Great Powers. For Ranke, and for succeeding generations of his-

torians, the balance of power is the pivot upon which the fabric of European society depended.

It is characteristic that Ranke chose, in his earliest major work, to deal precisely with the years 1494-1514, the period when (as he thought) the mechanism of the balance of power was perfected. From this starting point, when the balance of power centred on the struggle for domination over Italy, the circle gradually widened, as the older powers in the heart of Europe, in their efforts to preserve an equilibrium, called in new areas and new forces to counterbalance the old. Ranke himself showed how Russia at the time of Peter the Great was brought into the European concert, as a result of the strivings of the powers to prevent French hegemony. Similarly, the discovery and colonisation of the New World carried the balance of power overseas, as was demonstrated in the Anglo-French rivalry in the New World in the eighteenth century. And so what began as a European system gradually merged into a world system.

After Ranke's own day the change from European to world-wide perspectives became ever more important, providing the setting for the next generation of historians, the generation which experienced the struggle for power in Africa and the 'new imperialism' at the close of the nineteenth century. What is remarkable is that their fundamental attitude, their belief in the validity of the principles established by Ranke, remained unchanged in spite of altered conditions. To historians of this generation, it seemed axiomatic that each nation should have its share in the spoils of Africa, for fear its relative standing in the concert of powers should be diminished; but still more it seemed necessary that Africa should be partitioned in order that the balance of power should continue to function as of old, on both a European and a global plane. It was as if Ranke had established a universal rule, which the whole course of European history endorsed: the existence of an intricate, self-adjusting mechanism of political forces spontaneously operating to counteract any threat to the liberties upon which the fabric of civilisation rested—a mechanism parallel in the political sphere to the principles of *laissez-faire* economics laid down by Adam Smith.

Both the war of 1914-1918 and that of 1939-1945 were wars fought to preserve the balance of power; and although both were evidently world-wars, it still seemed clear that it was the delicate issue of the balance of power in Europe that touched them off, that the world-balance still operated from a European centre and responded to reactions from the heart of the old continent. Ranke's 'Romano-Germanic peoples' still seemed to dominate the field. And then, in

1945, when the dust of battle began to clear, the blitzed and bomb-scarred face of Europe revealed a very different prospect. Where were the Great Powers, upon whose 'unity in diversity' the whole working of a European civilisation which had become global seemed to depend? What survived of the system through which equilibrium had been preserved by adjustment between a multiplicity of nations? Instead of a concert, there were two Great Powers, neither essentially European, and following at a distance—because it had been bled white by the war—there came the British Commonwealth, the sinews of which lay also outside Europe. The rest, overshadowed by continent-wide empires, had shrunk to provincial status, more like the principalities of the German Confederation before 1871 than the Great Powers we had known.

The New Configuration

It was not difficult, on a practical plane, to draw immediate political conclusions from the new configuration. It was less easy to draw long-term deductions in the historical field, to see the immediate events in historical perspective; and most of current political speculation has suffered from this failure. First of all, the two victor powers had no need for introspective historical analysis; they simply resorted to bold simplifications. Russia undertook to re-write the history of eastern Europe in its own image; and certainly it was not wrong to insist on re-writing—eastern European history had too long been seen through western (and mainly German) spectacles—but the Russian version tended to be as one-sided as the western version it replaced. The United States, with magnificent audacity, but with stupendous disregard for inherently different circumstances, simply laid claim to the European heritage, posing as heir of a civilisation different in all its formative conditions and in every phase of historical evolution from its own. In Great Britain there has been singularly little attempt to take stock or reconsider accepted historical theories; and it has been left to the losing peoples, the decimated and disinherited as well as the vanquished, to re-examine the foundations of European history and the implicit assumptions of three or four generations of historians. It is with this criticism that I mainly wish to deal. I cannot say more than a word or two about its less immediate and more academic aspects; it is better to develop the points which come nearest to the bone of modern contentions.

The first and perhaps the central question is whether the evident collapse of the old system of balance of power is simply the result of the second world war—the implication being, if so, that it may only be temporary, that, given time, we may get back to the traditional equilibrium, and so prevent the world being either dominated by one or divided between two Great Powers. Can the international political system of 1939 be restored—not, of course, exactly as it was, with different pieces in play and different combinations, yet still in principle the same game with the same basic rules? The optimists answer yes, and pin their faith in the organisation of a 'Third Force' to weigh the balance between the opposing blocs. The pessimists say no; and their arguments were cogently set out by Alfred Weber in his book, *Farewell to European History*. But both the opposing contentions rest more upon political speculation than upon historical analysis, are concerned more with prognosis and with present action than with diagnosis. Nevertheless the historian is entitled to examine the historical arguments upon which they depend, to see whether they are historically valid or simply the repetition of old assumptions; and this is where historical analysis may legitimately be brought into play.

Balance of Power in Shadow

I cannot do more than state briefly the results of such an analysis as they affect the immediate issue, and then work out the implications for our views of European history. It is true, in the first place, that down to 1939—and, indeed, right down to 1945—the balance of power in Europe was the decisive element in international politics; the reaction to Hitler's bid for hegemony falls into line with the reactions, earlier, against those of William II, Napoleon I, Louis XIV, Philip II, Charles V. But it is true also—and this in the long run is far more important—that the differences were greater than the similarities, and that the preponderance of Europe after 1919 was more apparent than real. Already, as a result of the first world war, the role of the European powers in international affairs had withered and shrunk; but this consequence was hidden, almost accidentally, by the absence of the two great world powers, Russia and the United States, the former as a

result of the 1917 revolution, the latter in consequence of the American withdrawal into isolation after the fall of Wilson. Thus the old system of balance of power appeared to go on, masked but not changed by the League of Nations, but it was a pitiful shadow of its former self, incapable of performing its essential functions, as the meteoric recovery of Germany under Hitler showed.

The fact was that already, by 1918, power had moved from the continental to the great flanking powers; the total defeat of Hohenzollern Germany was due to the crushing superiority of the United States, just as in 1945 the total defeat of Hitlerite Germany was due to the United States and Russia. I do not mean, in either case, to underrate the part played by Great Britain and the Commonwealth, or to suggest that without the United States and Russia there would necessarily have been a total German victory; only that the actual result was achieved within a relatively short period of time as a result of their intervention, and was unthinkable without it. Europe alone, even if we include Great Britain in Europe, was unable to solve its problems; it required the pressure of extra-European forces to prevent a hegemony that would have been fatal to the values of European civilisation, which owed their existence to a multiplicity of free nations.

If we look back to earlier struggles against other powers striving for hegemony, we can see that this recourse to extra-European forces is the rule, not the exception. Napoleon was defeated not by an uprising of the continental peoples but by powers which drew their strength from outside Europe, Russia from its vast Asiatic reserves beyond the Urals, England from the wealth of the New World. And even earlier the same was true. It was the maritime powers, England and Holland, which defeated Louis XIV by employing their naval supremacy and their colonial resources; and in the sixteenth century the bid by the Emperor Charles V for control of Europe was brought to nothing by the Turks. France alone, with its European allies, was not strong enough; it required the external pressure of the Ottoman Empire to save the 'liberties' of Europe.

Policy in Two Distinct Spheres

If these facts meant simply, as the traditional view would have it, the extension in an ever-widening circle of the principle of balance of power from its European centre, their significance would be small. But closer inspection shows that is not the case. The flanking powers, particularly the maritime powers, whose strength derives from non-European resources, obey rules of their own, which are not the rules of the European balance of power. It was characteristic already in the seventeenth century that England and Holland, in spite of commercial and colonial rivalries which had already given rise to armed conflict, drew together against France; characteristic again, in spite of the 'Russian bogey' haunting British policy throughout almost the whole of the nineteenth century, that there has never been a serious conflict between England and Russia; most characteristic of all that the conflict of interests between England and the United States, upon which continental statesmen speculated for a century and more, hoping that America would provide a counterpoise to England's naval supremacy, has never materialised. The plain fact is that policy moved in two distinct spheres, global and European; and though England provided the link between the two, the circles did not overlap. The effect of the balance of power in Europe over four centuries has been a steady break-down into ever smaller units, culminating in the creation of the post-Versailles states of eastern Europe, which were too small to maintain their independence against attack either from west or from east. In short, liberty in Europe has been paid for by loss of power.

How different is the process in the extra-European sphere! Here the tendency throughout has been to the building of ever greater areas of domination, and the deliberate exclusion of fragmentation. Every European war has resulted in greater division, every colonial war in greater cohesion. This was evident already in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries; it became even clearer in the nineteenth. The promulgation of the Monroe Doctrine in 1823 meant definitely the exclusion of the principle of the balance of power from the Americas. In Asia, England and Russia, in spite of their rivalries, stood firm at every crisis to exclude the entry of a third power—Germany or Japan—which would have introduced the possibility of counterbalancing combinations such as are familiar in Europe. Inside Europe, any threat of preponderance has always been combated and brought to nothing; outside Europe, the principle of preponderant powers is securely established.

These facts have wide implications for current politics; they also cast radical suspicion upon standard theories of the course of European history. If, in fact, the European balance of power has not been transposed to a global plane, if world politics follow a different modality from those of Europe, where do we stand today, when Europe is like a burnt-out volcano, the cone of which has fallen in? And of what use, in such circumstances, are the 'lessons' (as they are commonly taught) of European history? If the values upon which European civilisation is built depend upon the co-ordinated existence of a multiplicity of small sovereign nations, what is the future of those values in a world in which three powers at most retain their sovereignty in the old sense? And if the liberties of Europe have depended always upon the mobilisation of non-European forces for their defence, what are we to think of a theory of history which has not only placed the western European nations at its centre—'an incomparable association', as Ranke described them—but has also treated European history as separate and distinct, operating according to its own rules, reacting upon the world, of course, but not in its essence impinged upon by factors from without?

The first conclusion I would draw is this: the old conception of western Europe as a 'world in itself' must be abandoned. The history of Europe—a peninsula of Asia, as Valéry called it—cannot be considered in isolation. Contrary to the views popularised by A. J. Toynbee, for whom 'western society', taken alone, is 'an intelligible field of study', it is the connection of Europe with the wider world that is the decisive factor shaping European history; without this impact from outside no phase of European development, still less of western European development, would be intelligible. That is true not merely in the present, but throughout European history. In the Middle Ages—in other words, at the time when it seemed most isolated from the outside world—Europe was never free from pressure coming from Asia; at every turn of medieval history it was the impact of Asiatic peoples, Huns, Avars, Bulgars, Magyars, Turks, that forced forward new developments. And if this is true of the impact from the heart of Asia, how much more true of the flowering Arab civilisation, which reached from North Africa into Spain and Sicily! Nor, of course, can we in the whole period which we call 'medieval' separate the western lands from eastern Europe; the cross-currents running not only to and from Byzantium but also between the peoples of the west and the Slavs were powerful and continuous.

The American Revolution

These may seem remote and academic aspects of the question; but they cannot be ignored if we are to get our perspective right; for exactly the same lack of perspective that caused historians to neglect the Byzantine strand in medieval European history has led also to the neglect of outside influences, particularly of American influence, in European history in the nineteenth century. No one today can fail to see that the American Revolution at the close of the eighteenth century, the establishment of the first great independent power in the New World, was the starting-point for the new era of global politics in which we live. And yet who would deny that, of the two, it is the French Revolution and not the American Revolution that looms largest in our history teaching? I know that American history is no longer neglected; but that is not the point. To teach American history in isolation, as a separate branch of study parallel to European history, is to commit the very errors of which our teaching of European history has been guilty. What we require is a history which will reveal the impact of the new American republic upon the world at large and upon Europe in particular; for the United States, although it stood outside the concert of Great Powers for almost the duration of the nineteenth century, and thus appeared to exercise no immediate political influence over international affairs, exercised so powerful an economic influence that its effects upon European development, including European political development, can scarcely be exaggerated.

Who, for example, would deny the political importance of emigration to America, the drawing-off of vast, potentially revolutionary population-surpluses, as a factor in the history of nineteenth-century Europe? And who can fail to speculate upon the political effects of the reversal of American immigration policy, the closing of the European safety-valve, after 1918? It was precisely because our history-teaching turned a blind eye to such things, treating the history of Europe as an independent chain of events operating according to laws of its own, that the American preponderance, when it came about, took us unawares, seeming rather a revolutionary change than the culmination of a secular trend. Historians had spoken so long in European terms that it seemed

impossible to conceive that the European era was at an end. They spoke, for example, and still speak, of the years between 1870 and 1890 as the 'Age of Bismarck'. Yet in what sense is this description true? In an exclusively European sense, yes; in any other sense, no. Bismarck had raised Germany to front rank among the continental powers; but front rank among the continental powers no longer denoted—as it had in the days of Louis XIV or Napoleon—a title to rank among the world powers.

One historian—and as far as I know, one alone—saw the true position; and characteristically his reputation has suffered an eclipse. J. R. Seeley, describing the international situation in 1883, at the height of the so-called 'Bismarckian era', mentioned Bismarck not at all and Germany only in parenthesis; for him there were, outside the British Empire, but two Great Powers, Russia and the United States—'enormous political aggregations', which (he foretold) would in fifty years 'surpass in power the states now called great, as much as the great country-states of the sixteenth century surpassed Florence'. Seeley was right. Limit your view to Europe, and Bismarck seems a dominating figure; extend it to the world, and he falls back into second rank. Once the purely continental task of German unification was achieved, once the new Germany began to press for a place, alongside England and Russia and the United States, in the universal sun, Bismarck was like a fish out of water, and there began the long series of desperate, hopeless expedients which showed only too clearly that the so-called 'Age of Bismarck' was an age Bismarck neither understood nor dominated. Only a historiography obscured by European blinkers, and unable to scan the horizons, could get the portents so utterly wrong.

'Trough between the Great Breakers'

There are, without doubt, periods when, owing to a particular constellation of world events, western Europe has been left in relative independence to develop in accordance with a rhythm of its own; just as there are times also when the pressure of Europe on the outside world has been stronger than the pressure of the outside world on Europe. But such periods are not to be taken as a standard. They may be compared with the troughs between the great breakers beating upon the shores of time. Ranke, writing in the 'Indian summer' following the Napoleonic wars, regarded the defeat of Napoleon at the hands of England and Russia as a confirmation of the old European system; he did not realise that his age was but the trough between two great waves. When describing the Great Powers in 1833, how characteristic that he failed to include among them the United States—failed, as he failed in the case of Russia, to see the next great wave rising to its crest!

A history which is to be valid must look further than that; it must be universal enough to comprise both trough and wave. And it must observe also the succession and alternation of wave and trough; for we can perceive, if we look back over European history, how the troughs get shallower and the waves more overpowering, until in the end the last projecting rocks are submerged. That, without doubt, is the result of technological advance which has quickened the rhythm. Not only was the defeat of William II and of Hitler far more rapid than that of Napoleon; but the intervening period, the trough between 1918 and 1939, was far shorter than that between 1815 and 1914.

This survey started from the conviction that the Russian victory at Stalingrad in 1943 made a total revision of European history imperative. It may seem paradoxical that, from such a starting-point, I should end with a reiteration of the old belief that history which is least political, which looks the past most objectively in the face, is the history which will be of greatest value in the present. But the paradox is more apparent than real. If it needed the shock of Stalingrad to open our eyes to the limitations of our western historiography; if it was because the political prejudices underlying our history-writing had blinded us to the actual distribution of power in 1943. But it is no remedy to go from one extreme to the other; to substitute—as Russian and American historiography are attempting (in opposite ways) to substitute—one political interpretation for another. It is easy for the historian to be wise after the event; it is terribly difficult for him to be wise in his own day; but we can say with safety that the more universal his point of view, the more he strives to free himself from national or regional preoccupations, the nearer he will approach to a conception of the past which is valid for the present. There were plenty of indications long before 1939—as Seeley saw and Tocqueville before him—of the direction in which events were moving. In an objective

history they would have had their place; but they did not fit in with our preconceived views, and so they were jettisoned. The result was a history which, confronted by events, was fumbling and helpless.

Today it is obvious that this history will not do. The key no longer lies, if ever it did, in the west. The war of 1939-1945 was the last European war of the old style, the last of the struggles, reaching back to Charles V, for European hegemony; already the global contest between the United States and Russia, the struggle for world hegemony, has transferred the centre of gravity from Europe to the Pacific. The historian cannot probe into these new political circumstances. They incorporate too many factors outside historical experience. But he can warn us that our knowledge of European history is no sure guide in the situation confronting us today; that conditions in the wider world are so different from those in our European past that any 'lessons' or analogies we may derive from European history are more likely to deceive and blind than to illuminate.

The maintenance of the European political system, and of the values which that system of counter-balancing power guaranteed, have depended always upon the fact that Europe was only part of the wider world, and that forces could always be recruited from beyond Europe to maintain the European equilibrium. Evidently, in a political system which embraces the whole world, that is not the case; there are no outside powers, and consequently the whole mechanism must be different. And what we know of the history of the world powers to date reinforces the warning. Taken all in all, the relations between England, Russia, and the United States show far more differences from than similarities to those of the continental powers. Furthermore, while the whole trend of European history has been to maintain a concert of equal powers, and to preserve small national units, the whole trend of world history has been the contrary: the building up of 'enormous political aggregations', none of which in a European sense is a 'national' unit. Who would dare, in such circumstances, to draw a line from the past through the present to the

future, to assume that the political constellations of the future will repeat, on a larger plane, those of our European past?

It would be satisfactory, were it possible, to end with a formula for a new historiography; but there is not, and never will be, a formula. But there is perhaps a change in our basic attitude. The historian today no longer asks, with Ranke, 'how it was', but 'how it happened'; our vision has travelled from the static and continuous to the dynamic and revolutionary—to the new which continually forces its way into the stream of history and disturbs the steady flow of events. Beyond that we can only advance our purpose by avoiding the mistakes of our predecessors. First among these is the tendency to treat the past as the root of the present and to project it into the future; an attitude which distorts the past because it ignores those aspects which seem to have no present relevance, but which—more seriously still—distorts the present because it makes no allowance for what Nietzsche called 'the mighty impulse to a new deed'—an impulse which breaks through, untrammelled by the past, at every great turning-point in human history. And the second error is to expect too much of, and claim too much for, the study of history. To expect from the past a key to current problems, a series of patterns which we can immediately transpose into the context of contemporary politics, goes far beyond history's limits; no present-day issue is, or ever was, intelligible in terms of its origins.

If those are the questions we ask of history, we must not be surprised if it deceives us. But that does not mean that history is useless or irrelevant, or has no contribution to make to the present. For the individual who, somehow or another, has to find his own values in a shattered world, a history that is truly universal—that looks beyond Europe and the west to humanity in all lands and ages—fulfils a basic need: it can help him, as perhaps in our generation nothing else can, to know where he stands and to understand his situation as neither good nor evil in itself, but as necessary. Beyond this it cannot go; but to do less is to fail—as so much of our history has failed—in its most vital function.—*Third Programme*

The Secret Agent

He is the one who acts, and is
Secretly what we should wish to be,
Dispassionate, controlled and free,
Self-knowing, aware of all he does.

Aware of all we think and fear,
Do not and do: patients, we feel
He shadows us, but at his heel
He drags us, though we walk before.

Useless, on the crowded beach
At noon, or in the empty street
To pause and listen for the night
Pursuing us, or for the speech

Conducted by the stillness with
This perfect stranger: for the sound
Of secrecy is too profound,
A hearless apprehension, death

Of anything we know and trust.
And it is no use looking back
Along the bay, the ashtrack
By the river, in the dust

Of ruins and the yards of works
For footsteps, footprints, scrape
Of shoe on path or stair. Escape
Is hopeless: mute presence talks

Continuously to the air
We bring around us, cannot flee.
We think we may elude that eye
Observing us, but find it here

Within, examining each thought
And action, laying bare the base
Of motive, will, desire. Release
Is all illusion: we are caught,

Are born in chains, our breath
One long conviction. All at last
Are suspects whose arrest
Confirms the sentences of death.

We live alone, both hunter
And pursued. Through grace of heaven
Shelter from loneliness is given
By an image we never alter

Of one we ignore, but who requires
Our death, his life; incites
To actions that betray, invites
Confession, precipitates desires

That condemn, deeds that imprison.
Trial, judgement, execution
Hide in his smile, an absolution
That is the charity of treason.

A secret agent has become
Self-betrayer of our times.
He is the angel of our crimes,
Avenger of the lawless dream.

He is the agent that our pride
Provoked originally, when we fell
From grace, and the ideal
Messenger the fates provide,

The djinn that kills its master;
The one whose kiss among the iron
Privets of a public garden
Gives us the lie, the signal for disaster.

Such is our fellowship, that must betray
To reconcile; recognition not as blind
As we imagine: and treason that is a kind
Of keeping of the faith we cast away.

JAMES KIRKUP

NEWS DIARY

February 25-March 3

Wednesday, February 25

Foreign Ministers of six countries proposing to take part in European Defence Community agree to urge their parliaments to ratify the treaty

President Eisenhower discusses at press conference possibility of his meeting Marshal Stalin

Prime Minister makes statement in Commons about Coronation Oath

Thursday, February 26

Government to amalgamate certain ministries to simplify administration and reduce costs

Prevention of Crime Bill receives unopposed second reading in Commons

Sir John Harding, the C.I.G.S., returns to England from Kenya

Friday, February 27

Mr. Eden and Mr. Butler leave for the United States

Debts agreement with Federal German Government signed in London

Royal Commission on Scottish Affairs holds its first public meeting

Saturday, February 28

Demonstrations take place in Teheran after it was reported that the Shah of Persia had decided to leave the country

Treaty of Friendship and Co-operation between Greece, Turkey, and Yugoslavia is signed in Ankara

Chairman of National Coal Board expresses opinion that limit of higher coal prices has been reached

Sunday, March 1

Persian Government dismisses Chief of General Staff and Chief of Police

French Prime Minister makes statement upon his Government's attitude to the European Defence Community

Monday, March 2

Further demonstrations and disturbances take place in Teheran

Mr. Vishinsky replies to Senator Lodge in debate on Korea in U.N. Assembly

Eleven killed when Comet airliner crashes near Karachi

Prime Minister gives views about basis for meeting with Marshal Stalin

Tuesday, March 3

Commons debate Royal Titles Bill

Details of Coronation arrangements announced by Earl Marshal

Speaker of Persian Parliament cancels meeting of Lower House



The Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh visited the B.B.C. on February 27. Her Majesty is seen entering Broadcasting House accompanied by Sir Alexander Cadogan, Chairman of the Board of Governors (right), and Sir Ian Jacob, the Director-General. After attending a variety show in the concert hall, the royal party visited the B.B.C. studios at Maida Vale



The National Trust last week announced a new bequest to them of four acres of land on the South Downs: it includes the north-east corner of the ancient camp on Ditchling Beacon and the north-eastern slope of the hill. This view looks eastward along the northern slopes of the Downs and shows the road leading up the Beacon from Ditchling Village

Right: gathering daffodils in Lamorna Valley, near Penzance, Cornwall, during the recent spell of mild weather



Queen Juliana of The Netherlands Royal Academy, during her visit to Burlington House on February 26. She flew to London for the day to express help given by Great Britain





Demonstrators outside the Royal Palace, Teheran, last week-end, chairing Prince Ali Reza, brother of the Shah of Persia, during the disturbances that followed reports that the Shah intended leaving the country for an indefinite period. The seriousness of the demonstrations—which included an attack by the mob on the home of Dr. Moussadeq, the Prime Minister—forced the Shah to revoke his decision



Gerald Kelly, President of the Exhibition of Dutch Paintings at Aliana and Prince Bernhard had air thanks to the Queen for the aid in the flood disaster



An officer of the Welsh Guards distributing leeks to members of the regiment during the annual St. David's Day ceremony at the Guards Depot, Caterham, Surrey, on March 1

Sir George Wilkinson, a war-time Lord Mayor of London, is replacing the statues of 'Gog' and 'Magog' which were destroyed when Guildhall was bombed. The nine-foot models are being carved by Mr. David Evans who is seen in the photograph on the right at work on 'Magog'



Troops of the Lancashire Fusiliers and members of a Kikuyu local defence unit returning from a patrol in the Aberdare Forest region of Kenya last week with three Mau Mau suspects



A. O. Lewis, England (No. 13), passing the ball during a tackle in the rugby match against France at Twickenham on Saturday. England won by 11 points to nil



The fortnight-old baby llama 'Molly' making her first public appearance at the London Zoo last week

Party Political Broadcasts

The Conservative Government's Food Policy

By Major the Rt. Hon. GWILYM LLOYD-GEORGE, M.P.; Minister of Food

MINISTERS come and ministers go, but I suspect that of all ministers, I am the one whose departure would be greeted with the greatest glee. By this I mean that of all the freedoms which the people want restored, not the least is the freedom to buy what foods they like, when they like, without my permission or anybody else's. And despite all the difficulties, we have tried over the past fifteen months bit by bit to increase the amount of food you get, to do away with rationing wherever we can, and to give you the opportunity of spending your money as you like.

Let me give you a few illustrations. Tea was derationed last October. I expect some people have forgotten it already. After all, it's human nature to think of something you want as really important, and when you've got it to forget you ever wanted it.

Yet tea derationing was a very interesting business! There was a subsidy on tea of 8d. a pound, which, like all subsidies, came from your pockets in taxation. That had to come off before tea was decontrolled, because you can't pour public money into a commodity over which there is no public control. So, to decontrol meant we had to take the subsidy off first. Taking off the subsidy of 8d. might have resulted in tea going up by the full 8d. a pound. Many people thought that this was what would happen but it didn't. The socialists tell you that it is only by controls that you can keep prices down. If you decontrol something, they say, its price will soar to the skies. Well, in the case of tea, competition did what price control used to do, only much better. The Ministry of Labour keeps an eye on the prices of twenty-one brands of tea, and in none of them has there been an increase in retail prices since derationing. In fact, some of the prices have gone down. And, what is more, the trade has got back to its old job again; back to its old skill in buying and blending and selling at its own risk. Once there's enough to go round, private traders can always do better than a government department, and our tea experience proves it.

Derationing of sweets is working out in much the same way, though, of course, there was no subsidy to get rid of first. And, by the way, may I thank you for being so very sensible about sweets, and for not rushing to buy up everything you see in the shops? Of course, the cry of 'rationing by the purse' has been raised again; but surely we all remember, when we were children, that sweets were rationed by the purse, and often a very modest purse. It's not a bad thing for children, surely, to have to decide for themselves—to decide between the sweets that last for a long time and those that melt away in a jiffy.

But the biggest move we are making so far, of course, is the decontrol of the whole of the cereal trade, recently announced. This means that in fact twenty-two trades will be freed, including amongst others the merchants who buy the grain, and the millers who mill it. This freedom means, as you know, that the grain trade, for the first time for fourteen years, will be free to do the job they did so efficiently before the war. The millers will be released from the shackles of control to make the kind of flour that people want. And the baker, provided he continues to supply the national loaf at the

controlled price, will be able to make all the white bread people may want. Yes, the national loaf will still be there—still subsidised. It's a good loaf, a healthy loaf. But you can't make people healthy by legislation alone, and in the autumn those who want white bread will be able to get it.

Now let me say a word about the sausage. Ever since I can remember, the contents of a sausage have been a music-hall joke. But a good sausage can be a very tasty dish, as we all know; and by removing controls from it now we shall see a great variety of appetising sausages on the market to suit all tastes and pockets. Now that there is much more meat for sausages, competition can do the rest. Let people show by buying or not buying somebody's products that they know what they want.

So far, so good; but what about meat? Just over a year ago the socialists used to shout at me in the House of Commons: 'What about that red meat?' just as they used to say: 'What about those 300,000 houses?' It's funny, but they don't mention either subject today. They don't mention the 300,000 houses; because to their dismay they see them on the way. Perhaps they don't now mention red meat because last year—the first full year of our Government—we had fifteen per cent. more meat than in the year before (the last year of the Socialist Government). This year we should do better still, for we expect to receive more meat than in any year since the war.

'Then why not deration and decontrol meat at once', you might ask. Let me give a plain answer. We want the Ministry of Food to get out of the meat business. We want to return it to private trade. We want to end rationing. But we will not do these things until they can be done safely. We will not, for example, deration meat until we think there is enough to go round, enough for everybody. And I hope you'll trust us to choose a moment when it can safely be done, as we did with tea and sweets.

There's a snag here that affects the buying of other foods as well. Last year we had to cut our imports. You remember why? When we came in we found that the country was on the slippery slope to bankruptcy. The Chancellor of the Exchequer decided that our first job was to cut down our overseas buying until as a country we were living within our income. That meant reducing our imports by no less than £420,000,000, of which £200,000,000 was for food. Think of it—£200,000,000-worth of food: food that we wanted; food that could be bought. But food that we couldn't pay for. I know it's a change in these post-war years for this country deliberately to live within its income, however much it hurts. But that's what the Government had to do—for the good of us all.

That had some bearing on meat. So long as we have to count every penny we spend overseas, so long as we have to put a limit on what we spend, so long will it remain difficult for private trade to do its job.

Now let me tell you something else about this most difficult problem confronting all of us, the problem of not being able to buy what is available in the world, either because we haven't enough money, or the right kind of money. The best example of this is sugar. We all know that there's plenty of sugar in the world. But the bulk of the surplus is in Cuba.

And Cuba is in the dollar area. We all want more sugar, but until we can earn enough dollars we cannot buy the sugar.

It's the same with cheese. There's cheese for sale in North America, but we haven't the dollars to pay for it: the same with cooking fat, although here it is only partly a matter of dollars. With butter it is rather different. It isn't a question of money: the butter just isn't there. It takes about twenty pints of milk to make a pound of butter, and we are drinking sixty per cent. more milk now than before the war; and more milk is being drunk in almost every country, and the more milk you drink, of course, the less there is for making butter and cheese. The real cost of butter in this country today is about 7s. a pound. We cannot drink our milk and eat it as well.

Lastly, eggs. This may surprise you, but we're eating more eggs than before the war—this is difficult to believe but it's true. Of course, we're relying on them more than we did. For twelve years there's been a system of control. But it's not been working as well as it should: far too many eggs have been going into the black market. Now we believe that the one sure way to kill a black market is to establish a free market, and that's what we're going to do next month—to free eggs from control. That's the way to get eggs back into the shops for all to buy, and I'm sure we shall do it.

So much for the various foods. I think we can all agree that, so far as supplies are concerned, things have improved a great deal in the last fifteen months.

Now for a word on prices. Between January 1952 and January 1953 the cost of living, including everything, went up by four-and-a-half per cent. Well, it was better than the previous year when it went up by 13 per cent. At least the cost of living is beginning to steady. It was no higher last month than it was eight months ago. But that's the cost of living for everything. Taking food alone, the cost of living went up between January 1952 and January 1953 by nine per cent. The year before, under the socialist government, it had gone up by eighteen per cent., twice as much. And it would not have gone up even nine per cent. if the Government hadn't decided that it could not go on subsidising food to the tune of £410,000,000 a year.

In fact, when the Chancellor introduced his budget last March, subsidies were running at over £460,000,000 a year. The difference between what we were paying for our food and what it cost over the counter was over £460,000,000, and that came from our other pocket, the taxation pocket. Well, the Government decided to bring the amount of subsidy down to £250,000,000 a year by the end of next month. That meant well over £200,000,000 had to be added to the cost of food, and that accounted for almost all of that nine per cent. increase.

But the Government did not stop there. The cuts in the subsidies were more than compensated for in the form of income tax reliefs, increases in pensions of one kind or another, increased family allowances and the like. It took away £210,000,000 with one hand but returned more with the other—not to everybody, but to the people who needed it most. Of course, our political opponents only remember the hand that took it away: they have forgotten the

hand that gave it back. I think this policy of lower food subsidies to be absolutely right. Why should everyone, whatever their income, rich or poor, be given the same subsidy on their food? I would much rather make sure that the money is spent on the neediest, much rather make sure that everybody's got enough to buy the things they need.

Our socialist opponents are trying to run away from these cost-of-living figures. When they were the government, the food index was good enough for them, for they introduced it in its present form. Now that it shows that last year the cost of food rose only nine per cent., as compared with eighteen per cent. the year before, they raise their hands in horror and try to disown their own index, their own child. And so they turn away from the cost-of-living index, and make play of increases in the price of non-essential commodities. I am sure I don't have to tell you that if, for example, the price of mustard went up by fifty per cent., it is less important than for the price of meat to go up by fifty per cent., for the simple reason that you use more of one than you do of the other. Of course, a true food index has to be based on the foods ordinary people eat and the amounts they

eat, and that is how the index is worked out.

Let me say two more things about the cost of food. Before the war we were spending as a nation just under thirty per cent. of our personal expenditure on food. Today the figure is almost the same; actually it is about thirty-two per cent. But the proportion of our income that we are spending on alcohol and tobacco has gone up from ten to fifteen per cent., half as much again. I am not condemning these things; all I am saying is—don't let's pretend that we can't afford to pay for our food. First things first. It's right, surely, for us to pay for our food something which more nearly represents its cost. It's not a good thing to disguise from ourselves the real cost of our food, and to pay the difference through taxation.

Lastly, the townsfolk of this world have got to realise how much they owe to agriculture, both at home and abroad. Here in this country, in spite of a steady drift of men to the towns, our farmers and farm workers have raised food production most strikingly in the past twelve months, and they are now producing nearly fifty per cent. more food than they did before the war. This increase must and will continue, particularly in those foods which we need

most, such as meat. Our security in war, and our standard of life in peace demand that every effort be put into the production of home-grown food. And I know that the farmers will co-operate in this effort. They need have no fear that the Government will not play its part. We stand by the guarantees that have been given.

Now, what does all this add up to? Let me once again remind you that it is only fifteen months since we came in, and at that time we were heading for bankruptcy. To save the country from this, we had to take drastic action—we had to do many things that were unpleasant. But we faced the facts. The action we took then has put us back on the road to solvency. We still have some way to go, but we are moving in the right direction.

As far as food is concerned, we are enjoying more meat and bacon, more and better sausages, ham, tea, and sweets off the ration, unrationed eggs on the way, a choice of bread once again—and, above all, more freedom for you to spend your money on the foods you want when you want them. Considering the difficulties we faced when we came into office, I don't think this is such a bad record. Good night.

Britain's Responsibilities in Africa

By the Rt. Hon. JAMES GRIFFITHS, M.P.

THERE are many domestic problems I could talk about tonight. But there is one problem above all others that is very much on my mind. I have just come back from Africa—my third visit in two years. My thoughts are still full of the impressions of the many things I saw and felt there. Some are hopeful; some leave me gravely disturbed.

That is why I want to talk tonight about the colonies. Nearly every serious-minded man and woman in this country agrees today that our duty to the peoples of the colonies is neither to exploit them for our own gain, nor to abandon our responsibility and leave them to their fate, but to guide them and lead them to freedom and prosperity. That is the principle to which we are pledged in the Charter of the United Nations—a pledge it is our duty to observe and fulfil.

I'm sure I'm right when I assume that you all agree with me in principle about the colonies. But principles, even the highest and the best, are not enough. What we must judge ourselves by is not what we believe, or profess, but what we do. That is certainly how we shall be judged by the people in the colonies. There are over fifty of these colonies. They are scattered all over the world, in the Pacific and the Atlantic, in Asia and in Africa, and 70,000,000 people live in them. They are of many races and colours and creeds. They are at widely different stages in their economic and social development and in their political maturity.

Yet there is one thing that is increasingly true of them all. There is an awakening amongst their people. They are demanding a higher standard of life. They are developing a passion for education. They are seeking political advancement. They are in revolt against colonial status and the practice of racial discrimination. There is growing among them a spirit of nationalism, a reaching out towards nationhood. They want to be treated as equals. They seek to control their own future. This is the challenge of the colonies to Britain. And not only to Britain. This rising tide of political consciousness is not

confined to British territories overseas. We have seen it in Indonesia as well as in Africa. It is found in Indo-China as well as in Malaya. It is at work in Tunisia as well as Nigeria.

Already it has brought tremendous changes. At the end of the second world war most of the countries of Asia and the bulk of its people were still politically dependent on the west. Within five years of the ending of the war the political revolution that had been gathering momentum for so long had reached its climax. India, Pakistan, Ceylon, and Burma had become independent nations. Holland's East Indian empire had become the independent Republic of Indonesia. The United States had granted independence to the Philippines. China has taken another road, and we do not yet know to where it will lead. But one thing is certain. The people of Asia and Africa are on the move towards freedom and emancipation.

This uprising of the colonial peoples is the greatest challenge of the twentieth century to the western world. I know that is saying a great deal. Nobody who has served in a British government since 1945 can underestimate the difficulties that confront this country—the importance of winning the cold war, the equal importance of not allowing it to turn into a hot war, the hard task of working our way back to national prosperity. But the great new challenge from the colonies lays a duty on us greater than any of these. If I seem to be exaggerating, if all that sounds like over-statement, let me beg you to think what it means. There are 1,600,000,000 people in the world whose skins are a different colour from ours. That is twice as many as the whole of the white population of the globe, and all of them, one after the other, are demanding the right to order their own lives in their own way. Never before in history has there been a movement of this kind or on this scale. Nothing can stop it and it would be folly for us to try. What we have to do is first to find ways of helping and guiding it, and second to show all these peoples who are on the move that we are on their side.

During the past two years I have had the privilege of visiting some of the British colonies in East and Central and West Africa. And there I felt at first hand the same stirrings of political consciousness that have already transformed the face of Asia. It takes many forms and expresses itself in many ways. In some places it is still only an undercurrent of discontent; it is confined to grumbling against foreign rule. In others, like Nigeria and the Gold Coast, it is already a well developed determination to achieve full democratic self-government. Some of its forms are ugly—a throw-back to barbarism. We have seen that happen with Mau Mau in Kenya. I shall have more to say about that in a moment. But whatever the form it takes, it means three things to us. It is a challenge, an opportunity, and a choice.

If we are blind to its significance, if we choose to resent it, if we seek to thwart and repress it, then we shall have sacrificed the trust and goodwill of millions of human beings in Africa and Asia and all over the world. But if we welcome this upsurge of the human spirit among the peoples in all the colonies, if we see in it an opportunity to guide its development, and to help to harness the dynamic force it releases for constructive tasks—if we welcome it in that way, we can and will strive to help the colonial peoples to lay the foundations—economic, social, and political foundations—upon which democratic self-government can be built and sustained. But all our efforts will be in vain unless these people feel that we think of them as brothers, whose fate is always our concern. We must remember always that what happens in the paddy fields of Asia, or in the jungles of Malaya, concerns us all immediately and deeply, because we are members one of another. Let me remind you of those lovely words of the poet, John Donne:

No man is an island, entire of itself; every man is a piece of the continent, a part of the main; any man's death diminishes me, because I am involved in mankind; and therefore never send to know for whom the bell tolls; it tolls for thee.

Those were noble words, and the principle they express must be always in our minds in our treatment of Asians and Africans. And the need for this approach is nowhere more urgent today than it is in those colonies in East and Central Africa for which we in Britain are responsible. For it is there, where the climate is kindlier for white men, that we find Europeans and Asians living side by side with Africans, but in three separate communities. There is no security for any of them in domination; neither white domination nor black domination. That way lies bitterness and strife. The only way forward is in partnership. We in Britain have the grave responsibility of guiding the peoples in East and Central Africa towards a multi-racial democracy. And whilst we travel that road we have a special responsibility for the weaker partner, the African. We are the trustees for his future, and we must not surrender that trust. This is the test by which all of us—ministers, members of parliament, and citizens alike—must judge every decision we make in Africa. That is how we must decide—as we shall be called upon to do shortly—the issue of Central African Federation.

During the Christmas recess I went to Nigeria and the Gold Coast. Here the story is a very different one. In these West African lands, with their burning sun and steaming swamps, only men with black skins can live for long. There is no settled white population, no problem of races, and the rate of advance has been faster. European and African administrators are working together to create new nations. Under the new constitutions introduced when Labour was in office, these African countries have African ministers who are learning to make democracy work in the way our forefathers learned—the only way—by carrying themselves the responsibilities of government.

Of course there are problems, too. These colonies, like the other territories in Africa, are desperately poor—so poor that only the imagination of a poet could paint the poverty to those who haven't seen it with their own eyes. I did see it: but I also saw the work being done by the agricultural departments to improve farming methods. I saw scientists in Kaduna in northern Nigeria doing research work which one day may conquer the tsetse fly. If they succeed in that, they can open up vast new lands for crops and livestock, and provide the variety of food needed for health. I saw new industries springing up which are helping to raise living standards. And how encouraging it was to discuss with African ministers in the Gold Coast the bold, imaginative

plan for harnessing the waters of the Volta to provide power for industrial expansion.

There is a battle going on against ignorance and disease, too. During my short tour I saw many new schools and hospitals, technical institutes and community centres, which have been built and staffed since 1945. Most of this work could never have been done without the help provided by Britain under the Colonial Development and Welfare Acts, and it is bringing untold benefits to the Africans, but as yet it is only touching the fringe of the problem of poverty and disease and ignorance in this great dark continent. It is our duty and our privilege to press on with it, to build many more schools and farms and hospitals, and teach many more Africans to run them.

But the work can't go on and it certainly can't be extended without real sacrifices by the people of this country. It's not just a matter of money. It is a matter of goods. We can't develop the resources of the colonies unless we send there just those goods that we need most ourselves. Britain needs steel and cement for the new and modern factories that we must build. But the colonies must also have steel and cement for the roads and railways, the ports and bridges which they so badly need. They must have new power from more hydro-electric stations. Their peasant farmers must have better seeds and modern tools. In time, they will want their own factories, and for many years they will need some of our best technical brains to build and to teach.

And they can only have all these things if we agree to do without some of them. I want to make that abundantly clear. We must make sacrifices, and in the early stages we must expect no material reward. Later on, when the fields of Africa are being tilled and the wheels of its new factories are turning, all the world will benefit. But that will take a very long time. Our task today is to make that development possible, and to achieve it we shall have to go without many of the things we sorely need for ourselves. That is the first stage.

Then there will be a second stage when the results will begin to show. But they won't be for us either. We can't ask half-fed Africans to grow food for Britain. It is for us to make sure first that the Africans are properly fed. We must set about that task now. And we must do it, not for what we can get out of it some day, but because it is right, because it is a moral duty laid upon us by the fact of the brotherhood of man.

I know that the way forward is not an easy

one. We shall have setbacks. We shall meet failures on the way. The tragedy of Kenya is a sad lesson to us. Eighteen months ago I had the privilege of visiting that lovely country. Before I left I had talks with the leaders of all the races and secured their willing agreement to join in a round-table conference to work out together their future political development. Now there has come this tragic set-back, this reversion to barbarism. For that is what Mau Mau is. Our sympathies go out tonight to those, both black and white, who have been its victims, and to the many listening to me now who have relatives still threatened by it. Mau Mau must be suppressed, but we must not stop there. We must do more than that.

While the work of restoring peace and order goes on we must seek out the underlying causes of the unrest that has driven so many of the peaceful people of Kenya back to barbarism. We must hold the confidence and friendship of loyal Africans, we must be careful not to leave them without leaders or means of expression. And with them, we must make sure that this horror does not happen again.

If the principles and the spirit of democracy are to take root in Africa and Asia, the peoples of these lands must be persuaded by deeds as well as by words that the democratic nations are moved by a great moral principle. The help that we give must not be given from fear or from hope of reward. It must come from a genuine respect for the dignity of our colonial fellow-citizens as fellow human beings. That is the principle that our fathers and grandfathers fought for. It was the very heart of their battle for justice and freedom. I came across a passage about it only the other day, written by a famous French socialist, just about 100 years ago. It conveys so exactly what I want to leave in your minds tonight that I should like to end by reading you a translation of it. Here it is:

I must respect my neighbour and make others respect him. That is the law of my conscience. But why do I owe my neighbour this respect? Because of his strength, his talents, his wealth? No. What chance has given is not what makes the human being worthy of respect. Is it then because of the respect that he owes me in return? No. What makes me respect my neighbour is neither the gifts of nature nor the advantages of fortune; it is not his ox, nor his ass, nor his servant, as the Commandment says; it is not even the salvation he owes me as I owe him mine; it is the fact that he is a man.

Good night. *Nos da.*

International Problems of Oil

(continued from page 375)

oil economy could withstand the sudden shock of the loss of fifteen per cent. of the total petroleum entering international trade. Actually, all suppliers formed a 'grid', such as those which link electric power stations to spread and equalise the loads. Supplies were reorganised without any material deficiencies becoming apparent to consumers anywhere round the globe, and in future it will not be the consumer who will have to be rationed but the producer.

At the same time we have had the benefit of another object lesson: that Dr. Moussadeq has not been able to sell and deliver oil on any significant scale is not only due to the legal problems about which we have heard so much lately: the fact is that in the international oil trade there is now but little scope for free-lance operators and hand-to-mouth sales. As I have said, the unit of operation of oil refining and distribution

networks has become so big that even the smaller companies tend to work with the very big ones and are not easily tempted to open their custom to suppliers who cannot give them the continuity which they need to safeguard their own investments. There is no progress without tears, and we are just now moving through a trying and difficult period. On the other hand, the compulsory education, which producer countries, oil companies, and consuming interests are now undergoing may have its beneficial results eventually. What is needed is the conception that there exists a balance of power between producers and consumers which anyone will disturb only at his own peril, but which fortunately, when disturbed, tends to re-establish itself. If the term 'interdependence' has any meaning it is here. The producers' position looks very strong because the consumers cannot do without them

but it is equally weak because they cannot do without the consumers.

By a great deal of bargaining, individual and collective, and with a little of common sense, a practical compromise may be arrived at which gives producers a sizeable share in the proceeds, without either bleeding the consumer or destroying the incentives of the oil industry. That very international industry—whatever its faults may be, and they are many—has proved itself to be an efficient vehicle of progress. To use an old political slogan, if it did not exist it would have to be invented. The oil industry, which is today torn between conflicting claims which are incompatible if they are pressed to the full, has as much to gain as everybody else by a reasonable balance of power. If I am any judge of the oil industry's mood and intentions, it will play its full part in achieving it.—*Home Service*

Letters to the Editor

The Editor welcomes letters on broadcasting subjects or topics arising out of articles or talks printed in THE LISTENER but reserves the right to shorten letters for reasons of space

Stalin as an Economist

Sir,—The Webbs once wrote that, when they heard that some 'impartial person' had been asked to serve on a committee of enquiry, they concluded that his bias was identical with that of the selectors. Mr. Hillman's 'less biased' talk on Stalin's recent 'Economic' Problems of Socialism in the U.S.S.R., would presumably be one which concurred with his own views on the subject. Where bias is already heavily weighted against anything emanating from the Soviet Union, it is surely a matter for congratulation rather than condemnation that the B.B.C. should for once introduce an economist whose sympathies lie in the opposite direction.

May I, without pretence of impartiality, also take issue with three other points in Mr. Hillman's letter? First, despite devastation on a scale which neither Britain nor the U.S.A. has experienced, there have been several substantial price cuts in the Soviet Union since 1949, and no parallel wage cuts. In western Europe, on the other hand, wage increases have not kept pace with price increases during the same period. These facts are hardly compatible with Mr. Hillman's statement that 'the general standard of living has lagged behind', if by this he means that the standard of living of the Soviet worker has risen less than that of the British worker. Second, while there is abundant evidence of differentiation of incomes in the Soviet Union, which has never claimed to be equalitarian in the economic sphere, there is none to support Mr. Hillman's assertion that society is 'stratified'. All the available evidence, indeed, points to the absence of any group based on inheritance of worldly wealth. Lastly, the purge, which Mr. Hillman predicts with such certainty, if it materialises, will testify to the existence of a very real problem for the U.S.S.R. It is not primarily an economic problem, however; it is one of defeating the aims of the amended U.S. Mutual Security Act, which allocates 100,000,000 dollars 'for any selected persons who are residing in the Soviet Union, Poland, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Rumania, Albania, or the Communist-dominated areas of Germany and Austria, either to form such persons into national elements of the military forces of the Nato or for other purposes'.—Yours, etc.,

London, N.8

M. JEFFERYS

What is a 'Democratic Education'?

Sir,—As an experienced parson-schoolmaster, may I suggest that, in many cases, illiteracy is not due to a child's disability to read, but to his unwillingness to learn to read. As is customary in scholastic circles, the emphasis is entirely on 'method' or techniques, and the widespread lack of ability to read amongst schoolchildren is usually ascribed to faulty or misapplied 'methods'.

But the problem is much deeper than this. In dealing, as I often do, with difficult, retarded children, it is found that there is often a deep-down unwillingness to learn to read on the part of the child. This is a resistance to the learning-process. This can only be overcome by the personality of the teacher. Given the teacher with the right personality the most backward of children would learn to read and enjoy doing so. Without this essential teacher-pupil relationship, based on loving understanding, the most efficient techniques are valueless.

If I may humbly say so, I challenge any education authority. Give me twenty of your most difficult non-readers. At the same time give me freedom. I guarantee to have them reading at the end of six months.—Yours, etc.,

Primary School, HORACE DOWLING
Hook Norton

Sir,—Dr. Eric James' first talk (THE LISTENER, February 26) admirably maintained the tone set by his *Essay on the Content of Education and Education and Leadership*. The talk, like the books, was the more welcome because Dr. James' approach is so different from that of the majority of educational theorists of today.

The growing volume of lay complaint about illiteracy, which is supported by irrefutable evidence from sources within the educational world, will shortly put the 'free educators' on the defensive. The danger is that there may be a reversion to an old-fashioned rigidity. Dr. James can be cited as an informed opponent of the present fashion, a fashion which is threatening our whole educational achievement. Of course, excessive freedom is not the only menace: the politically inspired plea for 'parity of esteem' between plumbing and Greek, the attack on 'verbal' training and on specialisation, all hang together in a general abandonment by teachers of their responsibility.

I was impelled to write this letter by a small coincidence. 'If George is capable of learning to read', says Dr. James, 'he must do so'. The boy who lives next door is called George; he is nine years old; and neither he nor his twin sister can read. The reason is that their teacher does not agree with Dr. James. I shall spend part of my vacation doing her job for her.

Yours, etc.,

Oxford

JOHN GILLARD WATSON

Sir,—While reading appreciatively Dr. Eric James' first talk on 'What is a "Democratic Education"?' I noticed that Dr. James referred to a book of which I happen to be co-author as *The Child Is Always Right*. The actual title of the book is *The Child Is Right*. I felt I should point this out, as my co-author, Miss Josephine Balls, and myself deplore as much as does Dr. James the extremist attitude which seeks to replace the dominant adult by the dominant child in home and school communities. The healthy basis for such communities is co-operation founded upon mutual respect, with the adults accepting their proper roles as exemplars and guides of the immature. The 'always' excludes such a basis; hence our care to avoid it.—Yours, etc.,

Isleworth

JAMES HEMMING

The Dutch 'Little Masters'

Sir,—Sir Philip Hendy speaks of Steen as an influence on Hogarth. Since the view that Hogarth was indebted to Dutch art, especially genre, is often put forward, perhaps you will allow me to examine it.

The sources of Hogarth's early styles are obscure. His two Shakespeare paintings c. 1728 recall Thornhill. The Picart paintings of 1729-30 are the earliest in which a (debased) Dutch manner appears. Its source seems to be the late and inferior Anglo-Dutch genre painter Evert van Heemskirk, whose satirical engravings (Stephens 1858-1865) Hogarth probably knew.

But Hogarth's most characteristic early paintings are 'The Beggar's Opera' (1728) and 'An Examination of Bambridge' (1729) which depend on his own ideas: 'My picture was my Stage and men and women my Actors who were by means of certain actions and expressions to exhibit a dumb show . . . I have endeavoured to weaken some of the prejudices belonging to the judging of subjects by comparing these with stage compositions or performances'. Hogarth's style developed very rapidly within this concept, and by 1735, if not by 1732, he had reached complete mastery. The style and conception of 'A Rake's Progress' in 1735 are exactly the same as those of 'Piquet' in 1759.

Although Hogarth knew at least two prints after Pieter Bruegel I, and several times parodied Rembrandt, he seems to have held a poor opinion of Dutch art in general. He can have had very few chances of seeing Dutch pictures of the great period, and his ideas and development were his own. His affinity with Steen comes from similarity of their ways of thought. Steen, like Hogarth, was interested in the stage. His pictorial thought is, like Hogarth's, rooted in the high baroque. In the painting of both Steen and Hogarth the space constructions of the high baroque are abruptly reduced to the scale of the rococo, and at the same time its images are translated into an intimate and domestic personal realism.—Yours, etc.,

London, S.W.19

C. R. COOK

'The Dilemma of Our Times'

Sir,—With Mr. Clark we have been through the list of 172 points raised by your reviewer on Professor Laski's posthumous book, *The Dilemma of Our Times*, and find that there are twelve printers' errors and another twelve cases in which, rightly or wrongly, Mr. Clark followed Professor Laski's own spelling of proper names. Your reviewer's remaining points are all concerned with grammar and punctuation, generally commas, and make one feel that perhaps 'he feigned he was correcting the scribe when he knew in his heart he was revising the author'.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.C.1

C. A. FURTH

Director, George Allen and Unwin, Ltd.

[Our reviewer writes:

I made it clear in my review that my main complaint was not of misprints, though there were too many of them, but of failure either to revise sentences which the author could hardly have allowed to stand if he had read them through, or to eliminate obvious repetitions. In my list of points I did not attempt to deal with the repetitions or with more than a few of the ungrammatical sentences. Surely it is the task of an editor who takes over an unrevised manuscript to make corrections such as the author himself might have been expected to make if he had revised his original script.]

Justice for Méhul!

Sir,—As a music critic of French extraction, may I express my thanks for the three excellent programmes of French operatic music devised by Robert Collet—and also my surprise and regret that in featuring Méhul (on February 22) he should have ignored that composer's acknowledged masterpiece, 'Joseph'.

That superb biblical opera is still in the repertory not only in France but all over the con-

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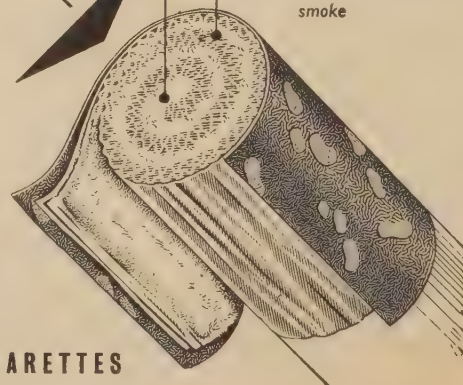
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tinant, and I saw a most impressive performance of it a few years ago at the Zurich Stadttheater; its great tenor aria 'Champs paternels' has been recorded by Georges Thill and Richard Tauber.

Mr. Collet might also have mentioned that the overture to Méhul's opera, 'La Chasse du roi Henri' is still popular with all French orchestras, and that his patriotic song, 'Le Chant du départ', is second only to 'La Marseillaise', a French national hymn.

Yours, etc.,

Hatch End

RENÉ ELVIN

Early Vegetables

Sir,—I was very surprised to see Mr. P. J. Thrower, in his talk on early vegetables, advising his readers not to apply sulphate of ammonia, superphosphate, or sulphate of muriate of potash to the soil now, because a lot of their value would be washed out of the land before the crops are ready to make use of them. This advice is wrong, for neither the ammonia, phosphates, nor potash would be washed out at this time of the year, for they would all be absorbed by the land until the roots need them. There would be an advantage in doing it, for the rain would wash them in, and ensure a more perfect distribution which would be an excellent thing for the crops to be grown.—Yours, etc.,

Roydon

W. DYKE

The Great Sea Serpent

Sir,—May I add a more recent experience to the interesting account of the recorded appearances of the sea serpent given by Mr. J. S. Colman in 'The Northcountryman'?

On October 26, 1937, while approaching St. Thomas in the Virgin Islands, on board the M.S. *Amerika* of the Danish-American Line, a creature similar to those described in his discourse was seen by several passengers, including myself, who were standing alongside the rails.

The weather was bright and clear, and at a distance of about a quarter of a mile, travelling on an opposite course, an elongated mass, sixty to eighty feet in length, broke surface in a flurry of foam and spray. It had a long serpentine

neck thrust upwards, and a flattish head which, however, was flexed and gave it an equine appearance. Behind the neck a series of six or more large protruding humps, chocolate brown in colour, moved forward in sinuous motion, giving an illusion of speed, which was probably not more than fifteen to twenty knots. The sea alongside was churned white, and a creamy wake followed for some considerable distance.

I noted the above details in my diary at the time, and it was agreed by my wife and others who had witnessed the occurrence that the description I had given was confirmed in its main features by their own observations.

Yours, etc.,

Budleigh Salterton

G. COOPER

'Lashed to the Mast'

Sir,—Mr. Philip Hope-Wallace may agree on reflection that it was not Bessie Love 'whom we have seen in her day lashed to the mast by the senior Douglas Fairbanks'. That was Billie Dove.—Yours, etc.,

Leeds, 6

L. B. R. FORSYTH

Delights of Old Sweets

Sir,—I read with delight the letters about old sweets. No one yet has mentioned the 'farthing lucky potatoes'. These were a solid, white rock coated with cocoa or chocolate powder, and were as popular fifty years ago as the ice lollies are today. Sometimes they contained a small slip of paper right in the centre, with printing on, and if you were lucky enough to get the coveted words '1st prize' you received a huge pink-and-white striped walking stick that hung suspended in the shop window; but often the paper read, 'One more free potato'. Also on Fridays we could get a farthing's worth of siftings, often called sivvings, broken pieces of boiled sweets emptied from large glass jars and mixed together. All sorts of flavours, but they tasted delicious.

Then for teenagers there were scented cachous, 1d. an ounce, small Parma violet ones, heart shaped, or shamrock. One ounce lasted for a week, for many parents seemed to hate the per-

fume, so these were kept in the paper bag among our handkerchiefs and one popped into our mouths just as we were going out to a dance or special occasion.—Yours, etc.,

Northampton

L. DUNMORE

Sir,—I remember well the large hens which your correspondent Eric Hicks mentions, which laid chocolate eggs in return for one penny. But it was not always chocolate eggs: some gave a tin egg, highly coloured, filled with small mixed sweets. They were quite common all over the country, especially on railway stations. There were many such automatic ways of buying a pennyworth of sweets—the usual allowance in those days—what use would it be today? From various automatic machines, you could get chocolate and chocolate cream, of various kinds, throat pastilles of great pungency, several sorts of gums and sugared sweets. Cigarettes were sold that way, too, and wax matches in little tin boxes—some of the boxes had a view on top.

But one firm offered great variety in their penny-in-the-slot machine. You could have chocolate, chocolate cream, little pieces of jewellery, tiny bottles of scent—of most penetrating odour—matches, small cakes of soap, and little, flat, tin boxes with sliding top, filled with little sweets resembling pearls, but in various colours, exceedingly esteemed by me; I never encountered them anywhere else. Pennies were pennies then and brought joys in great variety.

Yours, etc.,

London, W.1

W. MACQUEEN-POPE

Sir,—I, too, remember the automatic hen that 'laid' an egg for one penny; but as I recollect it, the egg was of coloured metal; and opened into two halves, the contents being the tiny sweets, known then as Tom Thumb mixture. I first encountered the hen near the approach to the Tower Bridge when I was taken to see the then new bridge. The next time was in 1896 when on holiday at Worthing where there was an automatic hen at the land end of the pier; the hen also clucked when she laid her egg.

Yours, etc.,

London, N.8

DORA J. SQUIRE

Planning the Summer Flower Garden

By ALLAN LANGDON

YOUR Michaelmas daisies have probably been in their present position for several years and the clumps have become too large and produced small flowers in consequence; so lift all of them and select and tear off some of the young shoots you will find on the extremities of the old clumps and replant them. You can throw away the tangled mass of roots from the centre, as they are worn out and useless, and it is not generosity to give them to a friend or neighbour as he, too, would be better pleased with some young growths. Treated in this way, say every two years, Michaelmas daisies, or perennial asters as we call them, produce far better flowers than old, established clumps. One of the most beautiful sights I have ever seen was a very large border completely filled with these asters. I saw the border in September and it had been planted in March with young off-shoots. There is a lovely new red aster which I am going to plant, called Winston Churchill.

Your sunflowers or helianthus will greatly benefit from the same sort of treatment, and heleniums, too, thoroughly enjoy splitting and replanting and a change of soil if possible, though that it is not essential. Talking of heleniums, do you know the variety called

Baroness Linden? It is a newish one and the best I know.

What are you going to do with your delphiniums? I suggest that you do not lift them, but leave them alone, because their root system is of a totally different character from those of asters and sunflowers, and as long as they produce healthy growth there is no need to move them. You should, however, fork the soil round them to a depth of two or three inches and give each plant a couple of ounces of fertiliser. Make certain, too, that there are no slugs about, and if you have an idea there may be, cover the crowns of the plants with a double-handful of ashes or sharp sand, because slugs can cause havoc with delphiniums during March and April, and, in fact, are probably the chief cause of disappointments with this very beautiful plant. There is just one other point about delphiniums—when the growths are about six inches high, limit the number to each plant to four or five by cutting out the thinnest ones.

If you happen to have any gypsophila or scabious, put sand or ashes round the crowns of those, too, because slugs will certainly attack them if they are unprotected. If you think your scabious are less prolific than they originally were, they, too, will probably pay for splitting and replanting; but do not do this until the

middle of April when the new foliage is appearing; and, incidentally, never lift and replant scabious in the autumn.

When you come to your phlox, treat them in the same way as I suggested for the delphiniums, except that there is no need to cover them with sand or ashes as they appear to offer little attraction to slugs. I would, however, emphasise the advisability of restricting the number of shoots to each plant. Old phlox plants are most prolific in sending up young shoots and unless you limit the number to, say, four or five to each plant, by pinching out the rest when they are very small, both the flowers and trusses will be just apologies for what they should be. Phlox, like delphiniums, very quickly respond to an ample supply of moisture at their roots, especially when coming into flower.

There is another plant also in your border the flowers of which are immensely improved by fairly frequent splitting and replanting, and that is the large flowered moon-daisy or, to give it its proper name, *Chrysanthemum maximum*. Have you any lilies in your border? If not, get some of the Regal lily. It is perfectly hardy and does not mind lime in the soil.

—From a talk in the West of England Home Service

The Pre-Columbian Art of Mexico

By ADRIAN DIGBY

THOSE of us who saw the wonderful Exhibition of Mexican Art in Paris or Stockholm must feel special gratitude to the President of the Mexican Republic, through whose special intervention it has come to London. On the Pre-Columbian side the exhibition covers 3,000 years—from 1500 B.C. to the Spanish Conquest. Dispersal in time and space naturally produced a variety of styles and techniques, all well represented in the Tate Gallery.

Inevitably, since they are better known and their remains richer, the Aztecs are best represented. Unfortunately they are associated with ideas of revolting cruelty and mass slaughter of sacrificial victims: 'They were a people obsessed with death'. The critic finds it difficult to dissociate his artistic judgment from the feeling of repugnance inspired by much of the subject matter. But it is helpful to realise that the Aztec were indifferent to suffering. Earthly life was a period of woe. Even new-born babies were warned that life was nothing but sorrow. Escape to the highest heaven was by death in battle, childbirth, or sacrifice. Their gods, many of them personifying the natural forces, were cruel, inexorable, and much to be feared.

Their art portrayed these traits with ferocious symbolism, direct, naive, and easily understood. The goddess Coatlicue, for instance, was shown with twin serpents for a head, ornaments of human hearts and hands, and a skirt woven from writhing snakes. Yet all this repellent symbolism was skilfully integrated into an architectural whole. A skull carved in rock crystal is robbed of its symbolism by the beauty of its form and material, and running through the symbolism is an underlying thread of naturalism which breaks out into surprising beauty in such carvings as the feathered serpent. The gorgeous splendour of their regalia and the skill of their lapidaries can be seen in the turquoise mosaic ornaments sent home by Cortez to the Emperor Charles V, and in the goldwork, mostly Mixtec, and, it is believed, learnt from South America.

But the Aztecs were only parvenus, arriving as savage nomads a mere 300 years before the Spaniards, and they are but the heirs and adaptors of the many cultures that preceded them. Back in 1500 B.C. the primitive farmers of Mexico were making simple figurines to worship. Out of these humble beginnings developed several hierarchic pyramid building cultures, isolated geographically but linked by trade and the worship of similar gods. The worship of some of these, Xipe Totec whose victims were flayed, and Tlaloc the rain god, continued to be worshipped down to Aztec times.

Perhaps the first of these independent cultures was the Olmec, whose figurines of beautiful blue-green jade are akin to the archaic, and whose most characteristic features were drooping mouths. They were a people whose art influenced the whole of Mexico for many years, who popularised the Jaguar headed figure and who carved the remarkable statue of 'The Wrestler'. Other cultures, Teotihuacan in the Valley of Mexico, Huastecs and Totonacs in the Gulf region, Zapotecs and

Maya in the south, enjoyed a long period of development, and although the rich and varied iconography of their religion became more and more complicated and geometric, it long retained its vigour, as we can see from the lovely, lively geometric carving of an ocelot in onyx and the beautiful Tlaloc vase carved in jadeite. But towards the end of the period a baroque quality became evident, especially in the elaborate funerary urns of the Zapotecs. The technical improvement of mould-made pottery at Teotihuacan was accompanied by an artistic decline.

The Maya further south, obsessed with time, devoted their attention to astronomy and mathematics. The height of their intellectual attainment is reflected in their wonderful bas-reliefs and paintings, which showed a developed sense of formal relationships and a disciplined grace of line. Unfortunately much good work of the Maya is excluded from the exhibition by the accident of geography. But a jade plaque found at Teotihuacan, far from its home, and reproductions of the murals of Bonampak illustrate their quality.

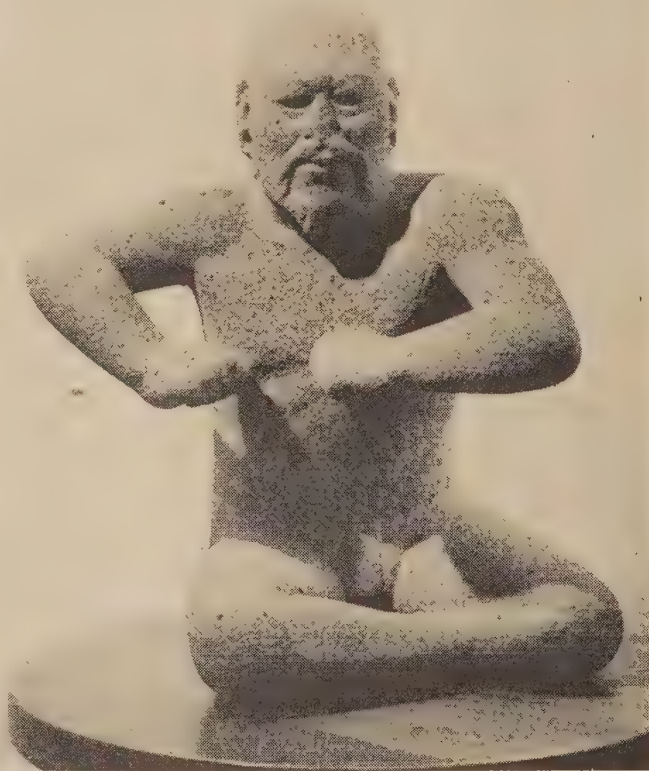
The end of the tenth century saw an upheaval among the civilisations of Mexico. The Maya moved to Yucatan. Teotihuacan was overrun by Nahuatl-speaking Toltecs, and the Zapotecs abandoned Monte Alban for their new home at Mitla under pressure from intrusive Mixtecs. Much of the story is obscure. It is certain that the Toltecs appeared in Yucatan to join the civil wars of the Maya and impose their stamp, a more formalised and architectural development of Teotihuacan, on the art of the new Maya Empire. The Mixtec intruders into Oaxaca were most skilful technically, producing pottery and goldwork of high quality, much of which they supplied to the Aztecs,

and preparing the pictographic Codices, one of which is shown in the exhibition. Rather apart from the main stream are the cultures of western Mexico, which escaped the more esoteric features of the hierarchic religions, and by their sturdy resistance to invaders kept themselves free from outside influences. Here a form of popular art, depicting natural subjects with a pleasing sense of humour in pottery figurines obviously in the direct tradition of the archaic cultures, survived down to the Spanish Conquest.

The equally important section of the exhibition dealing with the art of Colonial and Modern Mexico is the offspring of the marriage of the ancient Indian traditions with the art of sixteenth-century Spain, but this must be left for discussion by another pen.

Whatever his interests, the visitor to the exhibition cannot fail to be impressed by the disciplined and intellectual, but none the less virile, qualities of Pre-Columbian Mexican art in contrast to the more emotional manifestations of so much of the so-called 'tribal' art which has become so familiar to us all in recent years.

The display technique of the exhibition can only be described as brilliant. Both the Arts Council and the Mexican Government are to be congratulated on the exhibition which should be an outstanding success.



'The Wrestler', a naturalistic sculpture in basalt from Uxpanapan, Vera Cruz (Olmec culture)

The Listener's Book Chronicle

The Victorian Sage: Studies in Argument

By John Holloway. Macmillan. 18s.

MR. JOHN HOLLOWAY'S FIRST BOOK, *Language and Intelligence*, was a discussion and criticism of modern linguistic philosophy. In *The Victorian Sage* he has passed on to a rather unusual kind of literary criticism. We are accustomed by now to the concept of the Victorian 'thinker'—the writer who was really engaged in presenting a whole outlook and attitude to the world, whatever his special professional task may have been. Carlyle and Ruskin are the typical examples; and today they can again be regarded, after a period of foolish and generally ignorant depreciation, with anything between tolerance and enthusiasm. Mr. Holloway's purpose is to bestow on them, in his own phrase, a thoughtful attention—directed not so much to their doctrines as their methods. The private lives of the great Victorians have been the objects of more curiosity than they deserve: what they have to say has also been a good deal studied lately—chiefly as a part of nineteenth-century cultural history. Mr. Holloway is not much concerned with the history of ideas, or with the truth of the sage's oracular utterances, or with the social and psychological factors that may have given rise to them. The sub-title of his book is 'Studies in Argument'. For him the Victorian sage is engaged in a distinct activity, with its own distinct methods: and by examining his use of words, his means of persuasion—his rhetoric and dialectic, in fact—we may hope to gain 'a fuller knowledge of what it really means to give expression to notions about the world, man's place in it, and how he should live'.

There are separate studies of Carlyle, Disraeli, George Eliot, Newman, Matthew Arnold, and Hardy. The greater part of them consists of very detailed examination of recurrent images and ideas, recurrent patterns of argument and methods of approach. The object is to show how the very form of a writer's rhetorical devices may illustrate his central thesis: how, for instance, Carlyle's febrile style, his dramatisation of abstract argument, his erratic variety of metaphors and images, all serve to illustrate his sense of the life and energy that pervade the world. His constant passing from small things to great ('Sooty Manchester, it too is built on the infinite Abysses') similarly suggest the integration of this whole living universe. In the end we see that no part of Carlyle's apparently disorderly prose is quite unrelated to his overriding purpose. Newman's view of the nature of Assent—that it is not mere logical conviction but a movement of the whole man—is seen as dictating the form of his arguments; and this in turn is directed to his great central doctrine, that reality is a vast ordered system with the Creator at its apex. Arnold, on the other hand, distrusts all-embracing systems; his rhetoric is directed to exhibiting his own personality as an example of the taste, discrimination, and balance that he is concerned to recommend.

This kind of criticism is so detailed and so close to the texts that it does not lend itself to summary. It is original and penetrating and it gives us a far deeper insight into the work of these writers than any mere examination of their 'message' could do. It incidentally shows why the Victorian thinkers maintained an uneasy and embarrassing survival even in the period when their message was regarded as insignificant. They are not dealing with matters where proof is possible, and criticism must rather trace the method by which their conviction is communi-

cated. It is far more important to retrace their travels than to make an aerial inspection of their destinations—which indeed tend to look very like other less prophetically advertised localities. Their aim is to give a special kind of insight rather than to take us to a special goal.

On all this Mr. Holloway is admirable. With the novelists he is less successful. He says, and we can agree with him, that the novelist is as well equipped as anyone else to mediate a view of life; but he also says that Disraeli, George Eliot, and Hardy had 'many of the special and partly independent purposes of the novelist'. But are these purposes even partly independent? And can we examine a novelist's view of life and the methods by which it is conveyed without examining his special novelist's purpose? Here we begin to feel some doubt, not about Mr. Holloway's methods in detail, but about the unity of his design. The six writers he chooses have nothing obvious in common except their period; at least, nothing that they do not share with innumerable others. His novelists are nearer to other novelists than to the expository writers; and his expository writers are not doing anything essentially different from other expository writers. It is with great difficulty that writers of different literary kinds are got into the same box, unless it is a historical one. And in spite of his title, Mr. Holloway is not interested in his historic period or the special quality of its thought. His real subject is certain non-logical methods of persuasion; and Coleridge and Wells, for example, would provide better materials for his kind of study than the novelists whom he divorces from their aesthetic purpose.

This is the first real study of the texture and methods of a certain kind of nineteenth-century prose; and it does more justice to Carlyle, Newman, and Arnold than they have received for a long time. The writing is just and penetrating; but it is not stimulating. The Victorian sage succeeded by rousing and animating his readers. Though Mr. Holloway analyses the methods by which the animation was achieved, he does not succeed in communicating it. But this borderland between literary criticism and linguistic philosophy is difficult territory; and perhaps we do better with this careful exploration than with less responsible ironies and enthusiasms.

The Other Mind. By Beryl de Zoete.

Gollancz. 52s. 6d.

In this beautifully written book, Beryl de Zoete provides the first detailed study of Southern Indian dancing in its contemporary setting. She explains how from Bali she came to India in 1935 determined to investigate the sources of what she regarded as one of the world's most finely expressive arts. Other journeys followed until in 1949 she spent a year in south India, enduring much discomfort, travelling by boat on the waterways of Kerala, walking through rice-fields and on occasion braving streams. During this adventurous year, excitingly recorded in her diary, she witnessed many dance performances, attended festivals, visited dance-schools and had long discussions with leading exponents such as the great Balasaraswati and with the venerated dance-masters, Vallothol and Minaksisundaram Pillai. All this gave her not only an exceptional insight into Kathakali, the great dance-drama of Malabar and Bharata Natya, the solo women's dance of South India, but also a deep understanding of Hindu myths and beliefs, the actual aims of the dancers and the whole atmosphere of rural magic and tradition.

Out of this first-hand knowledge, she has now

produced a book which is both a profound contribution to dance criticism and a pioneer investigation of Indian culture. Composed with wit, charm, and, above all, a pellucid clarity, it takes the reader, with effortless ease, through the highly complicated theories of expression and gesture. It reveals the emotional situations which underlie the dances and, while making the dancers themselves human and intelligible, it shows the dance as a form of exalted expression and the vehicle of intensely felt emotions. An even greater merit is that it re-creates through clear poetic images the whole cultural setting. Villages, temples, landscape, and dances—all are vividly brought to life. No one who reads this book can fail to obtain a new vision of Southern India.

The Collected Plays of W. B. Yeats.

Macmillan. 18s.

Yeats probably considered himself as primarily a dramatist, and he would not admit the qualification, a *poetic* dramatist, for he did not agree that an antithesis exists between drama and lyric poetry. The matter is argued out in the Preface to the 1911 edition of *Plays for an Irish Theatre*, and on the acceptance of Yeats' argument depends the kind of valuation we are likely to give to his dramatic work as a whole. He held that 'character' (which his plays conspicuously lack) belongs to comedy alone. In great tragedy, that of Corneille, Racine, the tragedy of Greece and Rome, the place of character is taken by passions and motives, 'one person being jealous, another full of love or remorse or pride or anger'. He was faced by the exception of Shakespeare, but Shakespeare, he pointed out, is always a writer of tragic-comedy, and 'there is indeed character, but we notice that it is in the moments of comedy that character is defined, in Hamlet's gaiety let us say; while amid the great moments . . . all is lyricism, unmixt passion, "the integrity of fire"'. In tragedy it is always ourselves that we see on the stage, ourselves in the living symbols of our passions and desires. 'Tragic art, passionate art, the drowner of dykes, the confounder of understanding, moves us by setting us to reverie, by alluring us almost to the intensity of trance. The persons upon the stage . . . greater till they are humanity itself'.

It was not an ideal of drama likely to be popular in an age of naturalism. Yeats' plays, with Maeterlinck's plays and many others, wait for an age that can appreciate the 'rare and brief' condition of tragic pleasure. That might have been made by broadcasting, but we lack the actors for it—'tragic drama must be carved out of speech as a statue is out of stone'. 'If an actor becomes over-emphatic, picking out what he believes to be the important words with violence, and running up and down the scale, or if he stresses his lines in the wrong places . . . I discover at once the proud fragility of dreams'.

Dreams, and fragile dreams, these plays remain. Such as they are, they represent Yeats' major achievement. In bulk alone they run to two hundred more pages than the collected poems. But that is to reckon only the versions printed in this volume. In most cases there is a version for acting and a version for reading. It is not always clear, in the present volume, which is printed—only in the case of 'The Shadowy Waters' are we told that we have the acting version. Why this exception, when acting versions, often considerably different, exist for several other plays? Ideally we should like a one volume edition of the reading versions, and

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ANDRE DEUTSCH

all the acting versions in separate volumes. The dates given in the list of contents, we are told, refer to the year of their publication, but 'The Hour-Glass', which is dated 1914, was published in 1911. The plays follow each other in an order that is chronological neither for the first production of the plays, nor for their first publication—it seems to be merely haphazard. The volume, in fact, can be regarded as only a provisional publication, and although we have had to wait a long time for it (the last collected edition of the plays was published in 1934 and has long been out of print) we would gladly have waited a little longer for a publication with a modicum of efficient editing.

Between the first play ('The Countess Cathleen', 1892) and the last play ('The Death of Cuchulain', 1939), there is not so much difference of form or diction as the passage of nearly half a century might have brought about in a poet less sure of his mission. The tragic feeling becomes harsher, the line tends to become shorter, the lyric element detaches itself into song, becomes a crystallisation of the action. But there is no compromise with realism (for even 'The Words Upon the Window-pane' is merely grand-guignol realism); there is no compromise with that commercial slickness known as 'theatre'. The poetic diction is perfected, especially in 'Purgatory' (1939). But was the poetic diction of 'The Countess Cathleen' so much in need of improvement:

Come, sit beside the fire.

What matter if your head's below your arms
Or you've a horse's tail to whip your flank,
Feathers instead of hair, that's all but nothing.
Come, share what bread and meat is in the house,
And stretch your heels and warm them in the ashes.

And after that, let's share and share alike
And curse all men and women. Come in, come in.
What, is there no one there?

The young poet who wrote such lines in 1892 had not much to learn about dramatic verse. Let us perfect our stage and our acting to the same degree and 'we shall have made possible once more a noble, capricious, extravagant, resonant, fantastic art'.

The Travels of Ibn Jubayr. Translated by R. J. C. Broadhurst. Cape. 42s.

For thirteen centuries Moslems from every land have journeyed to Mecca for the annual Pilgrimage and assembled in their tens of thousands to perform its ceremonies. Belonging, as most of them did, to highly literate societies, one would have expected to find many journals of their travels preserved. In fact, they are remarkably few, and it was only by a fortunate chance that the diary of the Spanish Arab Ibn Jubayr, one of the most readable and informative of medieval travel books, survived.

The journey to Mecca, the holy places and sites, and the events and ceremonies of the visit occupy the first half of the book. The author's meticulous care for precise and measured descriptions, his overflowing piety, and the keen eye with which he observed men and things, combine to give his narrative its peculiar vivacity and to convey, as in no other medieval Moslem work, not only the external features and events of the Pilgrimage but also the feel of them to the participants. Then followed a tour of the Middle East, through Baghdad, Mosul, Aleppo, and Damascus under Saladin. Ibn Jubayr takes note of the usual sights, but is more concerned with the life and manners of the citizens, especially where they differed from those of his own people in Spain, and being strange and interesting to them are equally, or perhaps more, so to us. The last part of his journey, through the Crusader Kingdom of Jerusalem to take ship at Acre, and thereafter

through Norman Sicily, has long been familiar and famous among medieval historians. In spite of his Moslem feelings, and what the translator calls 'the perfunctory malisons that by convention he must pronounce upon the Christian enemy', these pages bear the fullest testimony to his candid observation and fair-mindedness. Even the long sea voyages, which were not without storm and stress, are graphically described with an almost professional interest in the sailors' handling of their ships.

Brigadier Broadhurst's version reads pleasantly and smoothly, with none of the crabbedness which so often disfigures translations of Arabic works. Its qualities may best be judged from the description of the Christian bride at Tyre. 'She was most elegantly garbed in a beautiful dress from which trailed, according to their traditional style, a long train of golden silk. On her head she wore a golden diadem covered by a net of woven gold, and on her breast was a like arrangement. Proud she was in her ornaments and dress, walking with little steps of half a span, like a dove, or in the manner of a wisp of cloud'. The problems familiar to translators of oriental books are happily met by minor insertions in the text and a provision of more elaborate notes at the end of the book.

Rome and a Villa. By Eleanor Clark. Michael Joseph. 21s.

Miss Eleanor Clark is a New Englander come to do her Roman service in the steps of Henry James and William Wetmore Story; she holds out her hands to the amazing Roman palimpsest and saturates herself in its architecture, art, its fountains, literature, and mythology. But she is saved from that earnest drinking at the Pierian spring which so often gives a touch of the ridiculous to the American's appreciation of Italy by something quite Daisy Millerish in her nature. She will write for pages in a style of muscular, sensitive elegance only to stop one short with a little piece on public lavatories which would not disgrace another Miller. This strange stylistic montage is, it seems, a key to the whole of Miss Clark's very considerable talent (she has written a good novel and much excellent literary criticism); she has consistent attitudes, a clear point of view and yet, even so, her sinewy mind seems constantly to be bursting at the seams with the wealth of all she is stuffing into it. On the credit side this makes for a book of continuous surprises and a width of embrace that perhaps no other writer on Rome has been able to manage. On the other hand, so often Miss Clark makes cleverness take the place of profundity, and she has produced a series of essays on the theme of Rome rather than a book.

The theme is not always Rome. In a long chapter written in the apotheosis of the New Yorker Profile style she tells the whole story of Giuliano, the Sicilian bandit. Rome is far away, the subject has nothing whatever to do with it; one is delighted to have the chapter but it puts the book out of scale. In the same way the long essay on Belli, the poet of the Roman vernacular, is a fascinating piece of literary criticism, but its length is disproportionate. The best chapter by far is the essay—rumination is a better word—on Hadrian's Villa at Tivoli. It trembles with poetic apprehension as sensitively as did Hadrian's soul in his last hours—and appropriately Miss Clark makes '*Animula, vagula, blandula*' the epigraph to her essay. It should rank near passages of Gibbon or the Roman poems of Du Bellay as a masterpiece of its genre; fact, feeling, architecture, and psychological understanding of people and an age here mix in perfect proportion, and the only fault is the obtrusion of an occasional Daisy Millerism. This passage gives a good conception of Miss Clark's virtues and stylistic quirks:

Apart from the glory of it, what a pensiveness there must have been around the house from all this water: nothing lazy, but the repose of spaciousness that even one little garden pool can give, or a brook going past the house, and that the whole area has, its one and sufficient fortune, from the waterfall at Tivoli. Nothing else permits such voyages of the spirit, nothing gives such largesse of suggestion of time present and past. A person of restless mind could go mad in dry country unless he were always pressing towards water like an Arab, and it is right that Hadrian, the burning incurable traveller, should have had it as his most extreme luxury.

Had Miss Clark written the whole book in the manner of this essay she would have written a classic book on Rome. But even so *Rome* and a *Villa* is outstanding.

Survey of International Affairs 1939.

1946. The Middle East in the War.

By George Kirk. Oxford. 42s.

The Arabs and the West. By Clare Hollingworth. Methuen. 21s.

The writer of contemporary history labours under the disadvantage that the story he has to tell has not, at the time of writing, reached a point at which it is convenient to stop and to survey the chain of cause and effect. For the Middle East the end of the fighting in 1945 marks no such point of rest, since the events which are rapidly changing the political and economic structure, though largely brought about by the war, mostly belong to the post-war period. Meanwhile, and with a promise of more to come, the task of presenting an ordered sequence of facts for the benefit of the contemporary reader and the future historian has been performed by Mr. Kirk with commendable industry and careful regard to detail. A vast amount of source-material, much of it in the form of newspaper despatches and articles in periodicals, has been digested, and the information on political and military events and on economic issues is as full as can be desired. It is unfortunate, however, that in dealing with controversial matters Mr. Kirk too often shows a bias more suited to political pamphleteering than to objective history. The acidity of some of his references to Zionist policies, and politicians, especially, is lamentably out of place in a work of scholarship.

As some of the chapter-headings show, the regional importance of the war did not lie in the settling of accounts between the western powers and Nazi Germany but in the opportunities which it offered to Arabs and Zionists and others to make an effective bid for liberation from western control. The post-war displacement of power and authority in the Middle East will form the subject of a later volume which, it may be assumed, will show that the progressive 'fulfilment of national aspirations' has not brought about an immediate improvement in welfare and happiness and good government.

Miss Hollingworth, who writes of events which she has observed at close quarters from 1940 to 1950, uses the technique of the commentator rather than that of the historian. The aim of the commentator, it may be presumed, is to provide a background to the information on day-to-day events which reaches most of us in the form of newspaper despatches, and his work is important at a time when the foreign service of the daily press no longer has the breadth and continuity which it had in the past. Writing without much attention to style and with occasional lapses into trivialities Miss Hollingworth succeeds in being informative and stimulating. Long residence in the Arab countries has not made her, as so often happens, a partisan of any of its causes, though she is not lacking in sympathetic understanding. Her description of



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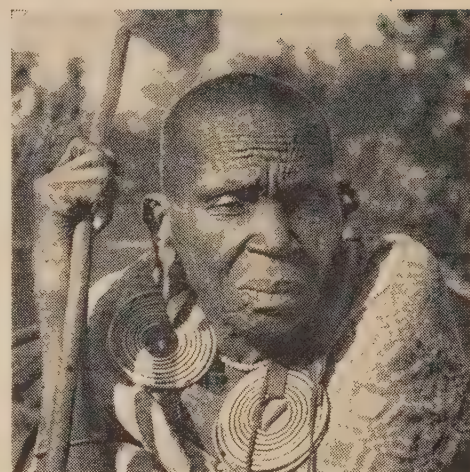
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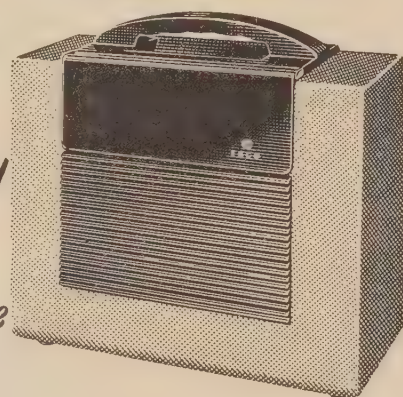
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the political and economic structure of the Arab states is vivid without being profound and, like other observers, she is impressed with the corruption of public life and the futility of political thinking in which xenophobia and an exaggerated sense of self-importance are the only stable elements. The danger of communism en-

gulfing Egypt and other countries of the Middle East she regards as very real. Under the heading of communism, however, she includes all movements aiming at a change of the existing regimes in the interest of the under-dog, by revolutionary means if necessary, and she points out that so far these movements are not directly in-

fluenced by Marxist ideology and have no conscious affiliation with Soviet policy. Revolution, she thinks, might be averted by a renewal of western tutelage bringing to these backward and practically feudal countries the blessings of the welfare state, but this Utopian solution is outside practical politics.

New Novels

The Secret Stream. By Marcel Aymé. Bodley Head. 11s. 6d.

A Sea of Troubles. By Marguerite Duras. Methuen. 12s. 6d.

The Loved and the Unloved. By François Mauriac. Eyre and Spottiswoode. 9s. 6d.

Among Women Only. By Cesare Pavese. Peter Owen. 11s. 6d.

IT is easy to see why translations of foreign novels should so often give one the impression of maintaining a much higher standard than their English contemporaries. They are, after all, like French and Italian films, selections carefully made from a far greater production, and anyone who has had anything intimately to do with this process of selection over a number of years, knows that there are bad foreign novels enough (though he may have been diverted to distinguish the particular flavour of, say, French badness from English and American badness). Nevertheless, it remains true that if a critic decides to be self-indulgent and review only foreign novels one week, he is much more likely to be rewarded, and more often, by the pleasure that comes from experiencing a work of art; a term that should mean a work not merely of skilful construction and loving attention to effects of situation and style, but impregnated with some transforming imaginative energy.

The latest Marcel Aymé novel to be translated into English, *The Secret Stream*, is just such a work of art, that gives continual delight in the reading and remains in the mind as something that has not merely been lived through but also understood, purified by poetic intuition, wit, and a compassionate but lucid moral judgment. The setting is a French country town (before the war), where a revolting sexual murder takes place. To the reader—and to one small boy—it is perfectly clear from the moment the corpse is discovered who the murderer is; the interest is not generated by any whodunit mystery but by the way in which the search for the culprit is made to reveal the prejudices, foibles and eccentricities, petty and generous impulses, of everyone in the town. In the hands of one of the fashionable continental cynics of the moment, this could easily have been a story that exposed merely the brutality and hypocrisy of a decadent society; instead it is funny and touching more than it is horrifying, with flashes of absurd fantasy that relieve incidents of violence and terror. A good example of Marcel Aymé's method is the scene where the two policemen are locked in a grim nocturnal struggle with the unfortunate suspect Trousseau and his defender, both of whom they are trying to arrest, while the local rugby football team, just home and elate after the afternoon's victory, charge whooping down the cross-roads a few feet away without noticing them. I particularly enjoyed this; but there were strokes of subtle characterisation on almost every page that delighted me, even if I found the murderer himself just a little difficult to believe in. It is rare, I think, nowadays, to find a novelist who impresses a personality so strongly on his work as Aymé, and is yet able to create a world of such diverse humanity.

With *A Sea of Troubles* by Marguerite Duras, we are in a very different climate, both geographically and spiritually. Antonia White has provided a first-class translation, and if I had not read the original I would suspect that much

of the impression of emotional power and artistic control that this first novel gives could be attributed to her skill. The story of a family consisting of a sick and ageing mother and her two (just) grown-up children, Joseph and Suzanne, who lease a small concession on the Pacific coast of French Indo-China, are cheated and ruined, teased by hopes of fortune, reduced again to despair and finally break up after the mother's death, can be interpreted on two levels. On one level it is a bitter, ruthless indictment of modern colonial oppression and corruption, painted too black to be entirely convincing even though the passion that inspires it compels respect and holds our attention throughout. At the same time I cannot agree with those who find nothing more in it than a brilliant left-wing tract. There are overtones of poetry that haunt me; the figure of the mother, with her pitiful estate overwhelmed again and again by the sea in spite of all her hopes and labours, grows until she becomes a tragic symbol of the human condition; again, viewed realistically, Suzanne's horrible little millionaire suitor, Mr. Jo, is not really successful, but the scenes that develop from his gift of a super-gramophone and a diamond ring show that Marguerite Duras possesses a sense of dramatic irony and imaginative vision that are exceptional in a young writer. Incidentally, *A Sea of Troubles* has been dressed (by Lynton Lamb) in the only jacket of the last two dozen novels that have piled up on my table which is really pleasing to look at.

François Mauriac's new novel, published in France in 1952 under the title of *Galigai*, which has been changed for the English edition to *The Loved and the Unloved*, is a slight affair compared with such Mauriac triumphs as *A Woman of the Pharisees*, but nevertheless a demonstration of how a master can create a drama of living characters and inexorable passions in a mere 35,000 words. In a postscript which develops an unfortunately apologetic—and quite unconvincing—aesthetic, Mauriac informs us that he might have called the book *Desire and Disgust*. This is a more exact title than his English publisher has chosen, for his chief character is Mme. Agathe, a woman who can only inspire disgust in the opposite sex, but by immense force of character and unscrupulous intrigue almost persuades a young man, Nicolas de Plassac, to marry her. His Achilles heel is his situation with a boyhood friend, Gilles, who is in love with Mme. Agathe's pupil, Marie; at the end he suddenly revolts, but too late for Mme. Agathe to spoil the idyll of Gilles and Marie, the symbolic climax of which she is forced by a merciless destiny to witness. Mme. Agathe, we gather, had much the same experience with her first suitor as Blanche Dubois in 'A Streetcar Named Desire'; but this does not make us pity her any the more. There is here, I cannot help feeling, a lack, the result of the rather summary way in which the book is written, as if it were a first draft for a much

longer work; but the lack appears more glaringly in the sudden disenchantment of Nicolas with Gilles and his discovery that he has never wanted anybody but God. This end will be too much for any but the most devout. It is a pity, by the way, that the finely sensitive prose of Gerard Hopkins' translation, especially in a volume that is intended to be part of a uniform edition, should be marred by so many misprints.

I have to confess that, as an admirer of *The Moon and the Bonfire*, I have been rather disappointed in Cesare Pavese's *Among Women Only*; though this may be in part the result of a translation that leaves much to be desired. Pavese is a strange and tragic case among the new generation of Italian writers: overcome by disappointed political hopes, and perhaps by a deeper doubt of life as well, he committed suicide in 1950. Everything he wrote conveys a sense of disillusionment and despair, leaves a taste of ashes even when he is creating his most beautiful effects of nostalgic poetry, as in *The Moon and the Bonfire*; but his black mood did not spring from a merely cerebral cynicism, and this acid study of the aimless, rootless social activities of a younger set of well-to-do semi-bohemians in Turin, and the suicide of one of them, helps one to understand it. Pavese, one feels, had experienced the full horror of the chromium-plated nightmare of our time, and saw no issue from it: he was too sensitive and honest to pretend.

Also recommended is *Heaven and Earth* (Heinemann, 15s.), a translation from the Italian of the distinguished novelist Carlo Coccioli. Many readers who are not Catholics are likely to find this undeniably powerful account (based apparently on truth) of a village priest in search of sainthood too fulsomely hagiographical for their taste. Don Ardito Piccardi, however, is a real character in spite of the pious trappings, and one can fully believe in the victory of Grace in his case where one cannot at all in the case of Mauriac's Nicolas. *Diplomatic Diversions* by Roger Peyrefitte (Thomas and Hudson, 12s. 6d.) is a further semi-fictionalised instalment of the life of the child hero of *Les Amitiés Particulières*, but though there are scandalous goings-on and amusing stories in plenty in this picture of embassy life at Athens before the war, they do not add up to a work of art, and seem to me on an altogether different plane from the earlier work with its almost miraculous tenderness and delicacy of perception into the innocent emotional confusions of boyhood. *Restless House* (Weidenfeld and Nicolson, 12s. 6d.) is the first unlimited English edition of a translation of Zola's *Pot Bouille* made sixty years ago by Percy Pinkerton. It will please the new fans of Zola, who will find, in the words of Mr. Angus Wilson's admirable introduction, that 'the macabre and grotesque are sustained throughout in a masterly fashion'. There are several illustrations by Philip Gough, which are agreeable enough from the point of view of suggesting period, but just lack the authentic spark of life.

JOHN LEHMANN

CRITIC ON THE HEARTH

Weekly comments on B.B.C. programmes by independent contributors

TELEVISION

Not for Invalids ?

QUILT ENCASED AND PERSPIRING, I forced myself out of bed to see and hear Arnold Toynbee giving the gist of his Reith Lectures. Otherwise, as an influenza casualty, afflicted by the paralysis of will apparently characteristic of the recent epidemic, I have not been an acutely conscientious viewer these last few days. There was the thought that Toynbee might take the chance of answering some of the critics of his theory of the aggressive West, challenged, for instance, in the correspondence columns of *THE LISTENER*. He reaffirmed his thesis and let the critics go hang. The result, anyhow, was a television occasion, a demonstration of the power of television, beyond that of any other existing means, to supply the substance of imagination to the unimaginative. Manner was somewhat less impressive than matter. Reminding us that the speeded-up communications of the modern world have brought hitherto remote peoples face to face before they are ready for the experience, Professor Toynbee seemed to find his proximity to the viewing mass equally disconcerting.

Returning to bed, unconsoled by the Toynbee theory of history, I remembered that one day between the wars I was placed at lunch next to an old gentleman whose head was bent low over the table, his short beard touching his plate. He was Sir James Frazer, of *The Golden Bough*, and when I ventured to ask him what he thought of the latest example of Nazi ruthlessness in Germany he replied with courteous firmness: 'I never give an opinion', a statement immediately echoed by his French wife: 'Sir James *never* gives an opinion!' What is sauce for anthropologists may

be sauce also for historians. The animated charts devised by Alfred Wurmser for the Toynbee programme were brilliant if sometimes obtrusive. The prints did not serve so well, their detail often being obscure.

The appearance in 'Press Conference' of the Home Secretary was another notable acknowledgment of the rising impact of television on the

was an authority on crime and punishment, the subject of the conference, and that seems to have been a producer's misjudgment. 'Press Conference' is a successful television idea, capable of justifying the utmost in thought and organisation that can be given to it.

With 2,000,000 licences issued, it is clear that the viewing habit has now spread down through the social pyramid. Television aerials are more numerous today above the back streets of the Five Towns than in the better-off suburbs of the cities. In deference to this widened viewing comity, television evidently finds it important to make more frequent regional gestures, of which 'Voice of the People' from Cardiff was the latest example. Like all discussion programmes, this one tended to suffer from visual monotony, the camera being anchored to two focal points. One's interest was roused but never finally held. And the more one sees of one's fellow men on these occasions the more one realises the futility of nine-tenths of human self-expression. The number of those who have something to say is smaller even than those who know how to say it. Expecting fire and fervour from South Wales, one was disappointed. Compliments, though, to the chairman, Hywel Davies. His touch was just right, firm but not heavy. The Sunday morning religious service, also from Cardiff, yielded good pictures and, of course, good singing. An extravagant gesture, all the same, for the transmission was entirely in Welsh.

Cardiff came on to our screens again in 'Other People's Jobs', all about rolling mills and smelting shops in Wales and Scotland, hardly a beguiling theme for nine o'clock in the evening when few of us care to think about work. A good deal of ingenuity went into the preparation of the programme, which linked



As seen by the viewer: William Clark (chairman) and Sir David Maxwell Fyfe in 'Press Conference'



Lady Megan Lloyd-George and Wyn Griffith in 'Voice of the People'

Photographs: John Cura

public consciousness. While no comment of high consequence was elicited from him, it was a remarkable opportunity for us to study the personal style of a man whose responsibility to the community has been painfully tested in recent weeks. Sir David Maxwell Fyfe was put at some disadvantage, I think, by the wholly lay character of the questioners confronting him. None



'Coronation Souvenirs': Barnett Freedman (left) and Sir Hugh Casson discussing two commemorative goblets



George Cansdale in the aquarium at the London Zoo during 'Looking at Fish' on February 28

widely separated activities into a thunderous flashing unity of sight and sound. Even so, the result was not of the memorable kind.

Neither was 'Special Enquiry', on living in London, graced with the flourish with which we had expected this series to finish its course last Friday night. It fell oddly short of its intention of communicating the exhausting pressures of London life, one of the least convincing 'Special Enquiry' programmes there have been. No doubt the main point was made but certainly not with the pictorial assurance we had come to expect. This was a provincial reckoning of London, a little too clumsily objective, even patronising. The parts designed to show how London is reforming itself were full of good material not very well presented. Interviews with typical citizens were too obviously stage-managed. The programme was unwieldy and cannot be excused by the retort that so is London.

I enjoyed the chess tournament, one player against sixteen; also 'Coronation Souvenirs', a sensible programme. Otherwise, not a lavishly enterprising fortnight. I recuperated by reading rather than by looking: *The Retreat from Christianity*, by J. V. Langmead Casserley, for instance, which compels the assertion that in the face of the most serious challenge of our time television is merely doodling with ideas.

REGINALD POUND

BROADCAST DRAMA

Thinking It Over

IN HENRY, a London suburban hairdresser and the central figure of 'The Body' (Light), William Sansom created a little man who seems to have the passions of Othello in the frame of Mr. Pooter. He is a queerly pitiable character. Because a neighbour, ghastliest of good fellows, flicks a kiss at Henry's wife and then drops across to borrow a screwdriver, the little man starts to roast himself in sulphur, wash himself in steep-down gulfs of liquid fire. Is this plausible? Each must judge for himself. C. Gordon Glover's version of the book may spread itself thinly across an hour; but somehow on Sunday night it caught the mind. Its performances helped, especially those of Rolf Lefebvre, whose hairdresser-in-the-toils had a prim shampoo-and-set nicety, and Megs Jenkins, whose voice can warm any part at all (though for St. David's Day, she might have allowed her misunderstood wife to be Welsh). The players dealt artfully with the baby-talk that was both embarrassing and, in its context, effective.

This, then, was able, unassuming radio, with a discreet use of the prompting, mocking inner voice, Henry's translation into his own idiom of Iago's 'And this may help to thicken other proofs . . .'. Howard Marion-Crawford banged away without mercy at the Lively Sort from next door, a roaring, tearing hurricane of a man ('in motors'), whose gregarious rowdiness is insisted on too strongly. Cleland Finn, the producer, knew how to animate the piece. These persons did not remain microphone-clamped. They did move about the suburb and go up the river.

It took me a long time to get inside 'Too True To Be Good' (Third), Shaw's far-fetched fable about the miseries of the rich and frustrated. After St. John Ervine's prefatory storm the first act seemed curiously quiet. It is not Shaw at his most incisive, though Hugh Burden tried gallantly to get us to think so. Matters improved during the Arabian adventure where Robert Rietty was able to flash up his Lawrence-Meek, and Eleanor Summerfield creamed along her Sweetie. Even so, I was happiest with Esmé Percy's intoning of the stage directions, which in a Shaw play are always an entertainment in

themselves. At the end of the second act I slipped off to listen to 'The Body'—a pity that the planners cannot avoid this Sunday-night clash between plays on Light and Third—and I did not get back until the last sermon from the fog, the best thing in the piece and here spoken expressively by Hugh Burden. The Shaw series has done nobly by its author; we have enjoyed Mr. Ervine's plain dealing in the prefaces.

During the week I attended three *matinées*, one of them a performance of Mr. Ervine's own 'Friends and Relations' (Light), a determined comedy about a will and its outcome, in which the dramatist all but tosses the fire-irons at some of his peculiarly selfish characters. Thinking it over a week later, I find myself remembering best the serene voice of Godfrey Kenton. The 'Rep' made a well-braced job of 'The Countess' (Home), an uninspiring anecdote. It is the period of the Peninsular War. A Spanish countess has romantic resource, Will the French Provost open a cupboard in which an English fugitive crouches among the dresses, almost stifled by moth-balls? Yes? No? It did not matter much: Mary Williams, Cyril Shaps, and Hugh Manning pretended successfully that it did. At a third *matinée*, 'The Cricket Match' (Home) must have worried anybody in search of mild diversion, 'Badger's Green' style. It was a rural picture of change-and-decay and progressive melancholy: the dramatist used various radio devices, and Owen Reed grappled with a script that kept on repeating itself like a needle-jammed record. We had, alas, too much time to think things over.

Finally, two plays of American origin, with nothing else in common. In the sitting room the now-familiar fun-and-games of 'South Pacific' (Home), with Julie Wilson washing that man right outa her hair, had an unexpected freshness. And in Odets' 'Golden Boy' (Light), the boxer-musician play (which, according to an anxious American critic, 'contrasts Joe's tragic dichotomy with his brother's complete psychological integration'), several passages appeared to be more substantial and telling than in stage performance. The Goons (Home) were not, I fear, in their briskest mood during an expedition in search of the bearded vulture. We could ponder each joke, and—as elsewhere during the week—the liberty was dangerous.

J. C. TREWIN

THE SPOKEN WORD

Sober Encounters

'LISTEN', MY DICTIONARY defines as 'make effort to hear', and a week ago I bewailed my failure to hear, despite strenuous listening, two highly interesting talks. Then how do I know they were highly interesting? In the case of the Rev. U. E. Simon's 'The Concious. Use of Myth', because THE LISTENER printed it, and in the case of Erich Heller's 'The Hazard of Modern Poetry' because I heard enough to know what I was missing and, besides, because some infinitesimal but vital improvement in the reception enabled me to hear his second talk last week without serious difficulty.

But it is not faulty reception that gets in the way of my appreciation of 'Encounters of Belief', nor is it any kind of prejudice: on the contrary, I approached this series with a strong prejudice in its favour. But after four instalments my first impression of heavy-going has not, unhappily, abated and, so far, I find it difficult to diagnose the cause. My symptoms as I listen are not boredom so much as an interest which is too sober, too lacking in the excitement and sense of illumination which such discussions ought to produce; and, at the end of each, a disappointing state of vacancy, a

vagueness as to the outcome. In fact, if I had been asked an hour later to give an outline of these encounters, I should have been incapable of a coherent reply. Is it, perhaps, that the programmes have been so laboriously prepared and scripted that the life has gone out of them? The third and last instalment of 'The Seizure of Power', which came on the following evening, seemed to suggest that this was so, for this discussion, if I judge correctly, was well prepared but unscripted, or perhaps only partially scripted. Anyhow its liveliness and actuality carried the listener with it with an impetus that required no effort from him.

'The Violent Criminal' (part 1), a programme in which Tom Waldron, C. R. Hewitt, and Edward Ward brought forward various expert witnesses, told me nothing I didn't know already (and I have learnt almost all of it from the B.B.C.), but I have no doubt it gave much valuable and salutary information to listeners less inveterate than I am. James McKechnie read with his usual proficiency the narrative which bound the programme into a neat parcel.

The only fault I have to find with V. S. Pritchett's talks called 'Down the East Coast of Spain' is that there were only two of them, just enough to rouse a ravenous appetite for more. We have had a number of travel talks in recent years, talks on foreign lands and their people, by speakers who can re-create them with remarkable vividness. It seems, in fact, that in instituting such talks the B.B.C. has helped to create a new form. But Mr. Pritchett beats all travel talkers by the unique precision with which he hits off visible human characteristics and detail after detail of town and country scenes. In his first talk his description of Barcelona had the intensity of a nightmare haunted by ghosts hateful, pitiable, or merely eccentric, by huge vacuous avenues and buildings like fungoid growths; and in his second talk, describing Murcia, the town of Almeria and the mountainous country enclosing it, he conjured up with extraordinary intensity a land where 'there is no vegetation, not even a wiry grass . . . one is looking at hide without a hair on it'; where 'nature has died and only its spectre, geology, remains'; a land which 'is the abandoned home of wind, fire, and water'. I have never visited the east coast, but these talks vividly recalled to me the nature and spirit of Spain.

Jean Cocteau is an excellent broadcaster and his 'Désordre en France' made very good listening, and so did the translation made and read by Jack Palmer-White.

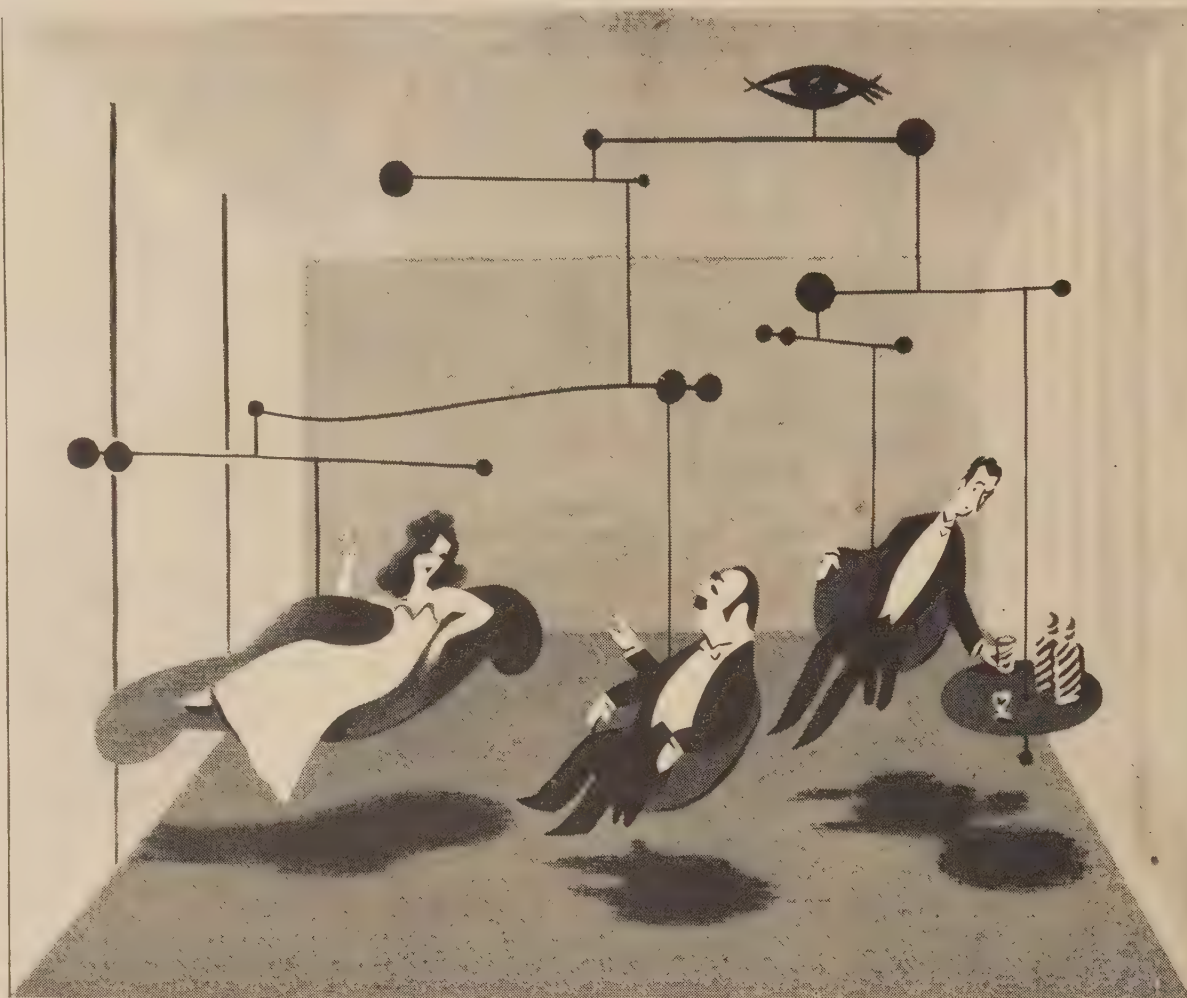
MARTIN ARMSTRONG

BROADCAST MUSIC

Bottled Bass

THOUGH NOT A PART of the series, Berlioz' 'The Damnation of Faust' came in opportunely to round off the review of French dramatic music which has occupied our attention during the past three weeks. It served, too, to mark the difference between blazing, if erratic, genius, and the solid, more consistent work of such craftsmen as Méhul. Berlioz' 'Faust' is, like nearly everything he wrote, uneven in quality, at its best in the pictorial passages, but weakest where the action becomes dramatic. It is wrong to speak of it as an 'opera', for though it has been given in the opera-house, it was not designed for that purpose. None the less, one cannot refrain from comparing the trio with Gounod's quartet, admittedly the best thing in the best scene in his opera. Gounod's handling of the situation is far more effective because it carries the dramatic action forward; it is, in a word, operatic. Berlioz' trio is a good orchestral movement with vocal *obbligati*.

The performances given last week under Sir



Schweppshire shows the Way

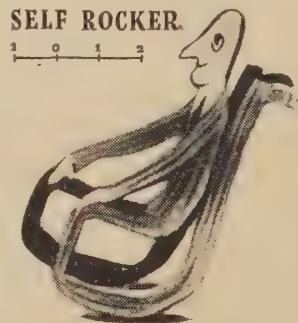
1. CONVERSATION PIECE

This glimpse at the Conversation Room of a typical home in Schweppshire shows how we try to embody the future in the present while retaining at the same time a lingering look at the past. Schweppaiev, our leading architect, has long ago dispensed with roof and walls in his buildings and these are now confined to out-of-door settings. Freedom from what has been called the carpet terminal is ensured by the elevation of seats above it, and a swing of the knee, easily practised, will bring talkers face to face or back to back as desired. A lifted finger, and the intercepted electronic eye swings the cocktail table into place. A compact gesture machine which ranges from the meditative stroke of the back of the head to the angrily pointed forefinger, enables speakers to obtain complete rest and

relaxation while talking. Note the return to nature in the airy interplay of the communing figures reminiscent of the arboreal life of our remote ancestors.

SELF ROCKER.

Professor Schweppaiev tells us that in a few years furniture will be done away with altogether, and, trained in the exercises of the New Schwyogi, adaptable Schweppshians will achieve the supra-furniture state and be their own tables, footrests, pianos, or, as here, rocking chairs.



Designed by Lewitt-Him, written by Stephen Potter.

Malcolm Sargent had evidently been carefully prepared. Justice was done to Berlioz' orchestration, which never fails to provoke astonishment, and usually delight, whenever the music is well played. With the exception of Richard Lewis' musicianly Faust, which had many moments of great beauty—though an archangel could not raise to significance some of the flatnesses in the text, especially in the English version—the vocal performance was hardly on the same level. Joan Hammond has become so accustomed to using a full throttle on big dramatic arias that her *mezza voce* seems to have lost resonance, and she paid too little attention to the shaping of the phrases. A certain latitude in this matter may pass unremarked in the stress and strain of an operatic performance, but in the concert hall or in a broadcast it is less excusable.

The Mephistopheles of Marian Nowakowski

raises a question of some general importance. Mr. Nowakowski is one of a number of foreign singers who have become acclimatised to this country and is a regular member of the Covent Garden Opera Company. He has a magnificent bass voice, and it would be even more magnificent if he did not 'bottle up' the tone in his throat; the lack of forwardness in his production ruined his singing of the serenade. But his main disability, as a singer of English, is his distortion of every vowel in our language. When one thinks of the feats of linguistic versatility accomplished by many of our singers who can tackle Italian, German, and even French in a manner that does not make the natives blench, I should have thought that it would not have been difficult for a foreigner, who has lived in this country for some dozen years, to do better justice to the English language. It must in fair-

ness be added that Hervey Alan's Brander was hardly more intelligible. But two blacks do not make a white.

The B.B.C. Chorus sang well, but with too much gentility to make the rollicking peasants and the drunken students sound convincing. One need not blame them for a failure with the gibberish chorus of devils in what might be renamed 'The Ride to Bathos'.

The excellent series of Mozart's liturgical music ended finely with the 'Vesperae de Confessore' of 1780 with its lovely soprano solo and beautiful setting of the 'Magnificat'. It had for company the Concerto for flute and harp and Florent Schmitt's 'Psalm 47', a showy piece in the French equivalent of the Edwardian taste. Mr. Miles and the London Philharmonic Orchestra and Choir showed it off well.

DYNELEY HUSSEY

Telemann and his 'Musique de Table'

By BASIL LAM

The complete 'Musique de Table' will be broadcast in the Third Programme at 9.15 p.m. on Sunday, March 8, 6.0 p.m. on Wednesday, March 11, and 6.0 p.m. on Saturday, March 14

THE musical world of our day tends to express its suspicion of contemporary music by a surprising enthusiasm for neglected composers of the past. This is a recent development; at the end of the last century the baroque style was sufficiently remote to evoke a vague nostalgia embodied in such things as Grieg's Holberg Suite or Reger's 'Konzert im alten Stil'. The eighteenth-century manner (a generalised and so largely false construction based on many different and personal styles) is now as familiar as Queen Anne or Georgian buildings, and our concert world is not without examples of the commercial advocacy that would sometimes persuade us to accept specimens of which the superficial charm imperfectly conceals a lack of structural durability which becomes evident only on longer acquaintance. Minor romantic art is less capable of bearing revival, for whereas even the secondary products of the Bach-Handel epoch possess urbanity and elegance, inferior nineteenth-century music, like the poetry to which it is equivalent, too often seems in Johnson's phrase 'easy, vulgar and therefore disgusting'. The point is sufficiently illustrated by casual reading in anthologies of English poetry covering the Georgian and Victorian periods. Clearly the danger of Romantic art is its dependence on personality, for where this is inadequate its product becomes with time as unconvincing as a character from some melodrama seen without costume or make-up. The eighteenth-century composer had a solid and comely style to fall back on and his survival is a matter of skill and invention.

Telemann was well endowed with both qualities and familiarity with even a fraction of his vast production can only strengthen the impression that he has been excessively neglected. The *Oxford History* somewhat harshly condemned him for a lack of earnestness and 'purpose', and betrayed, in the manner of a school report, some distress at his facility. 'Georg Philipp', the indictment might run, 'has much natural ability but lacks application; he needs to concentrate more'. Facility must indeed be allowed to the composer who wrote more than a dozen complete yearly cycles of church music, and the lack of earnestness is shamelessly evident in such a title as 'Scherzi melodichi per divertimento di coloro che prendono l'acqua minerali in

Pirmonte'. Gerber says that Telemann used to engrave his own plates for the printing of his works, presumably to fill his leisure hours when he was not composing.

Like Handel, the friend and rival of his youth, Telemann came early under Italian influence and himself named Steffani, Corelli, and Caldara among the composers he had taken as models. Hawkins says he had almost completed an opera by his twelfth year, but despite this Mozartean precocity he studied languages and scientific subjects when he went to Leipzig University, returning, presumably untaught, to the world of music at the age of twenty-three, when he gained the first of his many church appointments. All this suggests a mind of quite exceptional power and lucidity; Handel said Telemann could write a chorus in eight parts as readily as one wrote a letter, and for all its bulk his music is more elaborately organised than is Handel's; in its concentrated and finished texture his work stands nearer to that of Bach.

To say this is not, of course, to imply that Telemann has more than a trace of Bach's profundity; he belongs to the 'age of enlightenment' and his music appears as the product of a conscious and balanced rationalism from which the dark and mysterious imaginings of Bach's 'Gothic' side are as firmly excluded as his Apocalyptic triumphs. Telemann neither sees visions nor dreams dreams, but reflects soberly and rejoices with decent restraint which is perhaps more than could be said for the lusty Hamburgers for whom the 'Musique de Table' was composed.

This characteristic product of Telemann's amiable genius may be described as the 'music of all sensible men' with its brilliant energy and untroubled thoughtfulness: the work of a man at home in an orderly and comprehensible universe, enjoying the exercise of a prodigious talent for composition. Telemann's technique is his genius. In plan the 'Musique de Table' is at once orderly and varied. Each of the three 'productions' begins with an orchestral suite of the kind familiar in Bach's examples and ends with a sonata for a single instrument and continuo followed by an orchestral 'conclusion' belonging really to the opening suite. Between these are placed a quartet, an orchestral concerto, and a trio-sonata. The key sequences are quite inconsequential; no doubt a convivial

evening of the Hamburg city fathers was not conducive to a maintained sense of tonality, and the composer sensibly provided contrast for the performers. The suites or overtures are in the French style, with light *galanteries* in place of the weighty sarabande or the courtly gavotte. (Unlike Bach's orchestral suites the 'Musique de Table' was intended for a gathering of bourgeois and not for a court.) Oddly enough, the dance movements of the suite in the second set are all entitled 'air', though the third and fourth are respectively a quick gavotte and a gigue. For his introductory movements Telemann introduces elements of the concerto grosso, using concertino passages for violins in the fugal movements. His scoring in general is remarkably rich and varied; the air in the first overture has passages for two flutes, two violins, and cello, and nearly all such concertino sections are without continuo, a move towards the more modern treatment of the orchestra. A similar tendency to relegate the continuo to a less conspicuous role is evident in the fine quartet of the third series. Here violin, flute, and cello are treated equally as soloists, and the continuo is by no means as continuous as harpsichord enthusiasts might wish.

In general, these works show an unflinching resourcefulness both in melodic invention and in a sense of colour which must be set above that of Bach. Only the extra dimension is lacking, the final touch of imagination that lifts Handel's concertos or Bach's suites out of the Age of Reason into a world of unchanging human values. It remains, mention having been made of Handel, to remark that his name appears among the subscribers to Telemann's first edition of 1733. He made good use of his purchase, and themes from the 'Musique de Table' appear in 'Hercules', 'Belsazzar' (where with delightful incongruity the king's epigraphists appear to the sound of postillions), and extensively in at least three organ concertos. Excellent composer though Telemann was, the meaning of technique in a sense beyond efficiency may be elucidated by the study of what Handel made from his thefts, which may indeed have been unconscious. The revival of such masterpieces of the second order as the 'Musique de Table' not only provides pleasure to the hearer but gives the musician a heightened sense of the unshakable supremacy of those whose work is in no danger of neglect or oblivion.



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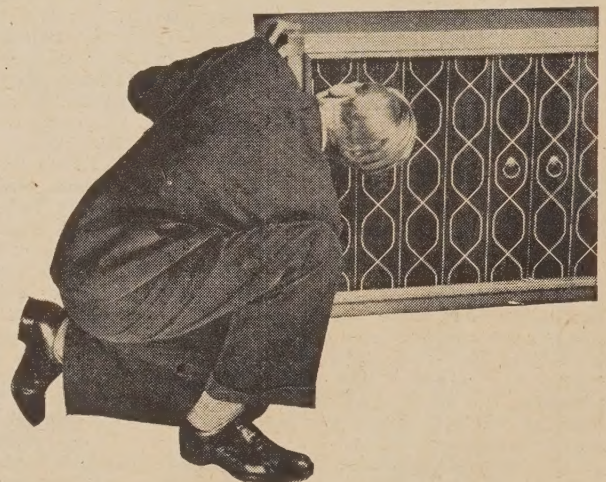
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Broadcast Suggestions for the Housewife

MAKING THE MOST OF A CHICKEN

IT IS STRANGE that in spite of the greater variety we get nowadays in English cooking we still tend to regard chicken as a luxury. You will find a boiling fowl perfectly suitable for many dishes, and, incidentally, much cheaper to buy than a roasting bird. An average sized bird will weigh 5 lb. and cost you 17s. 6d. It is not as expensive as it sounds, because a wise cook will get four meals, and soup, for an average sized family of say, four people. And surely sixteen portions for 17s. 6d. is not extravagant?

The breast of the boiling fowl can be removed easily, after taking off the skin by cutting down both sides with a sharp knife; slice each piece in two to make four medium sized portions. The simplest way to cook these is to beat them well with a rolling pin to break down the fibres, egg and crumb them in the usual way, and fry in very hot fat. Another coating can be used to vary this, by passing through flour, egg, and finally dipping in grated cheese.

The legs of the bird will always need a longer method of cooking, being the tougher meat and sometimes rather sinewy. The better method for these is to casserole or fricassee in your own favourite way, together with the wings. The legs, however, can have sinews, skin, and bone removed and be well beaten out like an escallop, dipped in a coating of batter and fried.

The remaining flesh and the carcase provide still more meals for the family. With a baked flan case make a savoury flan for supper. This is one of the nicest informal supper dishes I know. A well-flavoured white sauce, a little cooked, minced chicken, and stuffing if left over, seasoned well and put into the pastry case and heated gently in the oven will not keep you in the kitchen for very long.

Or, again, at this time of the year, when we feel the need for more sustaining food, a very little cooked chicken will go round the family dished as a risotto. For this cook a suitable quantity of rice with chicken stock or water and any flavourings you like. Add the chopped cooked chicken and some vegetables, such as peas, and this, with extra vegetables, will give you one of the most economical and yet appetising dishes for lunch or supper. It can be served hot or cold.

For the family with a fondness for pastry, why not try serving scraps of cooked chicken in *vol au vent* or *bouchée* cases? These are usually popular, especially with the male members of the family. These cases can be bought in certain delicatessen shops in English towns, just as abroad. But if not, make your own, and add the chicken to a good white sauce for the fill'ng.

For the warmer weather to come, or again for buffet parties, a little cooked chicken with other cooked vegetables in aspic, to form moulds or shapes, is yet another way worth thinking about.

Finally, to get the most out of your purchase, do not forget that the giblets and carcase make delicious soups and broths, and stocks for sauces can easily be made if you want them.

PAULINE CHAMONT

THE WAY TO FOLD A SUIT

When folding a man's suit, say, for a journey, deal with the trousers first. Fold them so that they occupy the full length of the case, and slip some tissue-paper or newspaper in the fold. Do not fold them to try to make them fit into the width of the case. When the trousers are in, place the waistcoat on top. To fold the coat, start by putting tissue-paper or newspaper inside each sleeve and up the whole length of it. Now

lay the coat face downwards on the table; take each sleeve and fold it in half, so that the cuffs are in line with the collar. Taking the sides of the coat, fold them over the sleeves until the front edges meet in the middle of the back of the coat. Place a piece of tissue-paper on top, and fold once again, so that the two sides will be lying on top of one another. Finally, place a further piece of tissue on top and fold once more, but this time from top to bottom—then the coat should fit into your case. When storing a coat it should also be folded in the same way.

A WEST END TAILOR

Notes on Contributors

TERENCE PRITTE (page 371): *Manchester Guardian* correspondent in Germany

LUIS MARQUES (page 373): editor of *The Anglo-Portuguese News* (a weekly published in Lisbon)

P. H. FRANKEL (page 375): author of *Essentials of Petroleum*; managing director of a firm engaged in the oil industry

ERICH HELLER (page 379): Professor of German, University College, Swansea; author of *The Disinherited Mind: Essays in Modern German Literature and Thought*

R. F. TREHARNE (page 381): Professor of History, University College of Wales, Aberystwyth; editor of *History*, author of *The Baronial Plan of Reform 1258-1263*, etc.

GEOFFREY BARRACLOUGH (page 384): Professor of Mediaeval History, Liverpool University; author of *Mediaeval Germany, The Origins of Modern Germany*, etc.

ADRIAN DIGBY (page 396): Deputy Keeper in the Department of Ethnography, British Museum

Crossword No. 1,192.

The Brigand of Split.

By Rex

Prizes (for the first three correct solutions opened): Book tokens, value 30s., 21s., and 12s. 6d. respectively

Closing date: First post on Thursday, March 12

The following narrative contains the Across clues which consist of one or more words and provide twenty-seven pairs of homonyms of from one to eight letters. The first of each pair is always followed by the second, e.g. 'the weight of the vegetable' gives 'carat' and 'carrot'. One only of each pair is to be fitted into the diagram; which

of the two and in what space may be determined with the help of a number of words which read downwards. There is at least one of these in each column (there are three in each of columns two, three, and ten), and they are clues as they occur column by column from left to right, but their exact position is not indicated on the diagram. The unused letters in each column do not form words but may be arranged as follows:

WHEN QUEER BURLARS MET PRINCESS CRYING BY
GATE ON HILL

The completed puzzle will reveal, read downwards, the four-lettered names of the brigand's four daughters, one in each quarter of the diagram.

CLUES—ACROSS

The first person we must look at, and this is the important part, is an officer from Split turned brigand. He presented a lazy figure with a coarse frilly collar, and his face often bore an anxious look, owing to a corn appearing periodically. This scamp had been expelled from the body of the church, and it irritates him to think, too, that he had failed his final exam. at the University. Plagued by this thought as by an insect, he went to live by a river which holds to a direct and narrow course through the middle of a desert. In this place he would listen to the cries of his pets, a seal and a young bird, which he fed as a rule on drops of water from a vessel made of pine. To help him with his hold-up, he had a lad under a tree, who gave a clear sign by playing on a musical instrument with the tip of a file, or sought to advise his master by means of notes on a pipe, whenever he became aware of fresh travellers. Not having achieved a single success, he realised that the outlook was dark and he felt that he was finished. He began to sicken, took to drink, and when closing time came, exclaimed 'This is the limit!'

DOWN

1. Ugly old women give you the bird (4).
2. See 10.
3. It sounds as if we had plenty of time (3).
4. Burbot in a good temper (3).
5. Reverse of a noble rose (4).
6. You may get this when the money turns up (3).
7. Riddle (3).
- 8 rev. Cassia's leaflets are very dry (5).

9. Part of the foot has been broken and a shilling taken off, so it's not suitable (5).
- 10 and 2. Miao! (3, 4).
11. A month without a bit of fire (3).
12. Sopping or soppy? (3).
13. Team (2).
14. Aged oath (4).
15. Pray put it here (3).
16. This cigar is useless (4).
17. We've obviously been left to hold the baby (4).
- 18 rev. You can't make a this of it without trouble (3).
- 19 rev. Don't keep it under your hat! (3).
20. Clever to catch this little animal with a penny (3).
21. Measure at arm's length (3).
22. He's sacrificed his ego by losing his head (3).

Solution of No. 1,190

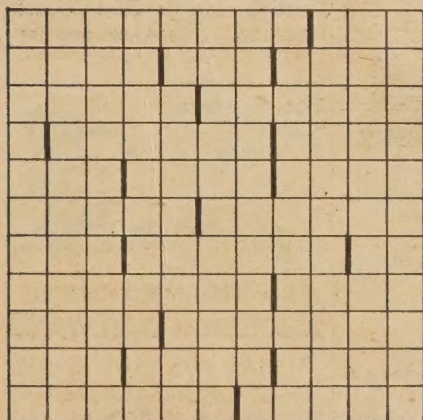
A	C	R	I	D	A	L	P	H	A	B	E	D
M	O	U	S	E	C	L	O	O	M	O	R	E
M	O	T	T	L	E	D	G	O	U	R	A	L
O	D	I	L	U	T	E	D	K	S	O	U	T
N	O	B	E	G	O	N	I	A	E	N	D	O
I	R	I	C	E	N	T	R	I	C	T	U	I
A	I	L	E	D	E	O	U	B	L	U	E	D
A	C	T	E	D	C	I	B	L	O	N	D	H
C	G	O	R	S	E	D	D	O	T	T	O	I
E	O	N	I	E	L	D	I	S	H	I	T	S
R	U	G	E	G	L	O	S	S	E	D	T	S
I	G	O	R	G	E	O	M	O	D	A	L	E
C	E	S	S	E	D	B	E	M	U	S	E	D

NOTES

2. DI-LUTE-D. 6. BILTONG (Bolting*). 7. GLOSSED (two meanings). 11. DELTOID*. 12. CLOTHED (see *Paradise Lost*, Book 1, lines 83-4). 14. DE-LUG-ED.
16. CESSED (two meanings). 17. DOTLE (Dettol*). 18. HIS-SED. 20. ALPH-A (see 'Kubla Khan'). 25. BLOND(in). 27. HOOK-A. 30. ACTED (Cadet*). 32. GO-URA(is). 33. GORGE (Egg or*). 35. CLOOM (COOM + L*). 36. DISME (Dimes*).

* anagram.

Prizewinners: 1st prize: R. J. Robb (London, E.11); 2nd prize: A. H. Williams (Darwen); 3rd prize: T. J. Pimbley (St. Albans)



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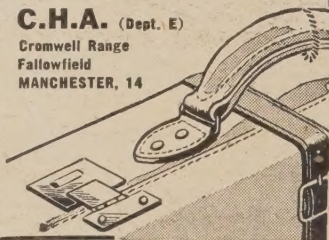


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